



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

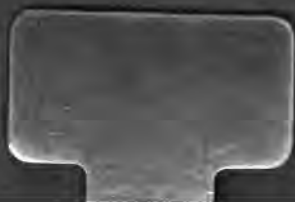
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

*Ex Libris J. L. Weir*

Ex Libris  
J. L. WEIR

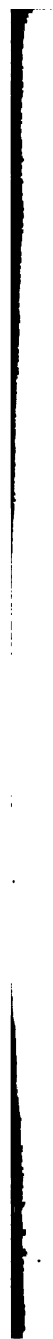
250

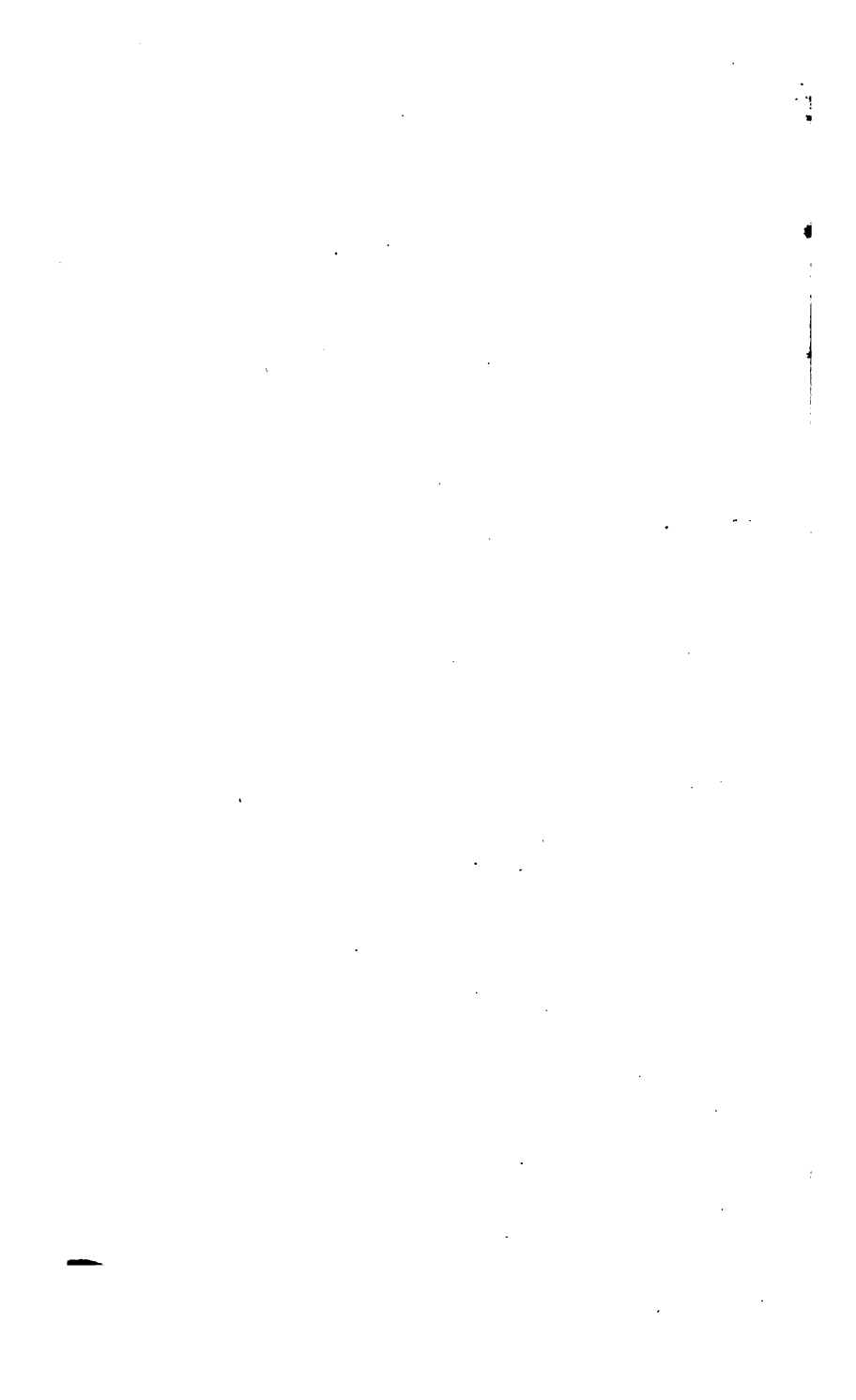
1907











THE  
HOUR OF RETRIBUTION,

WITH  
OTHER POEMS.

BY DUGALD MOORE,  
AUTHOR OF THE AFRICAN, BARD OF THE NORTH, &c. &c.

GLASGOW:  
THOMAS MURRAY, 8, ARGYLE STREET;  
A. AND C. BLACK, EDINBURGH;  
A. H. BAILY & CO., LONDON.  
MDCCCXXXV.

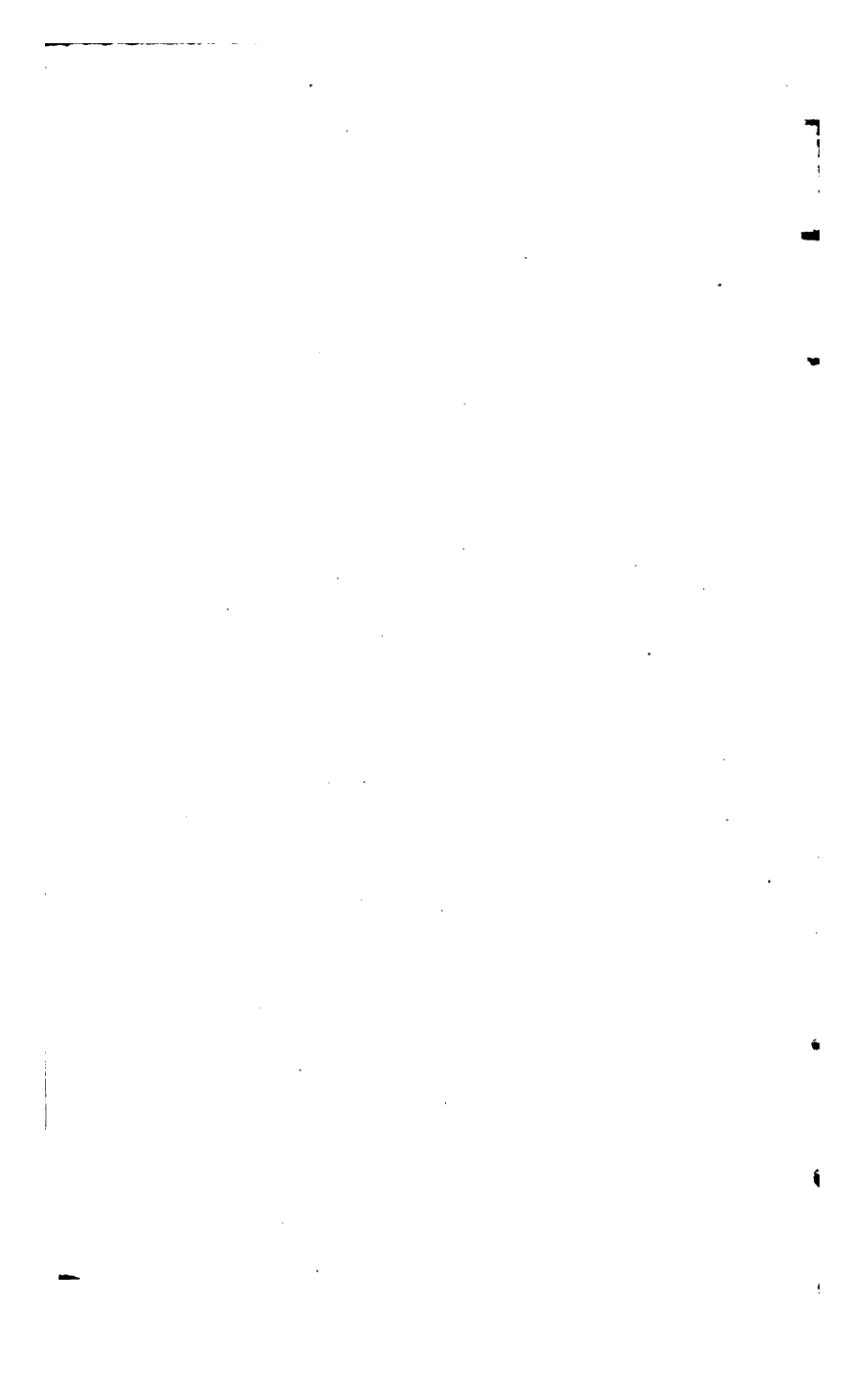


GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY GEORGE BROOKMAN.



TO  
JAMES SMITH, Esquire,  
OF JORDANHILL,  
AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF ESTEEM FOR  
HIS CHARACTER,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED BY HIS GRATEFUL AND  
OBLIGED SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE Hour of Retribution, - - - - -	1

### POEMS.

Tubal Cain's Address to his Sword, - - - - -	74
Stanzas on the Death of Miss —, - - - - -	77
Cromwell at Marston Moor, - - - - -	79
Frost.—A Dream, - - - - -	82
Margaret, - - - - -	87
Cain Flying to the Desert, after being abandoned by his Kindred, - - - - -	89
The World, - - - - -	92
Song, - - - - -	94
Silence, - - - - -	95
To the Nile, - - - - -	98
Cam, - - - - -	102
The Soldier's Grave, - - - - -	108
Song. The Evening Star, - - - - -	111
Mahomet, - - - - -	112
The African Lion, - - - - -	114
To an Early Spring Flower, - - - - -	117

	PAGE
The Relics of Napoleon's Army, - - - -	119
Heliopolis, - - - - -	122
The Condor, - - - - -	126
The New Discovered Isle, - - - - -	129
The Prophet, - - - - -	132
Song. The Highland Chief to his Clan, before the last charge at Culloden, - - - - -	135
To a Human Skull, found amid the Ruins of Pompeii,	137
Cleopatra to the Asp, - - - - -	141
Song, - - - - -	144
The Captured Shark, - - - - -	145
A Character, - - - - -	146
To the Locust, - - - - -	150
Rest and be thankful. A Mountain Seat in the wild Val- ley of Glencrow, - - - - -	153
The Witch, - - - - -	157
The Curse, - - - - -	162
Stanzas, on being Presented with a French Cuirassier's Sword, found on the Field of Waterloo, - - - -	176
The Death of Clapperton, - - - - -	179
The Death of Epaminondas, - - - - -	182
The Esquimaux, - - - - -	185
The Simoom, - - - - -	188
The Moorish King Leaving Grenada, - - - - -	190
Mahomet Flying to Medina, - - - - -	193
Stanzas, - - - - -	197
The Two Skeletons, a Scene of the African Desert, -	200
The Douglas in Spain, - - - - -	203
Stanzas on Seeing Haley's Comet, 10th October, 1835,	206

## SONNETS.

	PAGE
Sonnet I., - - - - -	209
Sonnet II., - - - - -	210
Sonnet III., - - - - -	211
Sonnet IV., - - - - -	212
Sonnet V., - - - - -	213
Sonnet VI., - - - - -	214
Sonnet VII. The Morning Star, - - - - -	215
Sonnet VIII., - - - - -	216



**THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION,**

**A TRAGEDY,**

**IN THREE ACTS.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

**RATHMOR**, *king of the Strath Clyde Britons.*

**ROLAND**, *his son.*

**ULRIC**, *brother to the king.*

**URSA**, *a friend to Ulric.*

**REOTH**, *attendant of Ulric's.*

**JUDGE.**

**HEADSMAN.**

**GUARDS, VIRGINS, PRIESTS, &c.**

**URELIA**, *daughter to Ulric.*



THE  
HOUR OF RETRIBUTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Palace of Balclutha.*

*Enter in Procession* RATHMOR, ROLAND, URELIA, PRIESTS,  
VIRGINS, &c. &c.

RATHMOR.

How still and beautiful the starlights look  
From the blue deeps of yon majestic sky!  
Where are the griefs, the agonies, the tears  
Which rack earth's frail inhabitants?—all hushed;  
The very whispers of the mighty soul  
Of nature seems suspended,—woods and streams  
Glitter, but wail not, the high travelling clouds  
Seem gathered to their fathers, or far off  
Some thin and fleecy wanderer steals along  
The milky passage of the dreaming moon,  
Solemn and spirit-like, as wearied out  
With its long pilgrimage; the snoring winds

Have folded up their wings, and laid them down  
In summer slumber ;—in an hour so still,  
Priests of the Undying One approach and light  
Your sacred censers, while the virgins chant  
That song our warriors sung, when rushing on  
Against imperial Rome.

*The VIRGINS sing.*

GOD of our fathers! whose calm breath can stoken  
The earthquake's yawn, amid the depth of night;  
Eternal One of heaven! whose arm has broken  
The falchion of the invader in his might;  
Spirit! bestride thy charger of the thunder!  
Unslung thy sword of lightning! and on high,  
Let the blade cut the hurricane asunder,  
Till desolation darkens earth and sky:  
Then, in thy dread magnificence, remember  
Thy wandering worshippers on vale and steep,  
Though from their shrines be scattered every ember;  
Oh deign to listen when the wretched weep!  
Burst in thy wrath upon our ruthless foemen,  
Shear like a death-bolt through their black array,  
Till not a wreck, a vestige that is Roman  
Darken the mountains where thy children pray.

RATHMOR.

Enough ; let silence breathe upon your harps,  
And drink their latest echo.

*(Exit all with the Procession.)*

*Enter URSA.*

URSA.

The forest should be fired when summer winds  
Have scorched the leaves to cinders, so must Ulric  
Be urged to madness when his spirit's high  
In discontent, when fearless lips have breathed  
The word rebellion in his greedy ear ;  
Seize but the moment ! and a child may lead  
The million on to acts of fearful daring ;  
But let the tempest pass, a straw can turn  
Sedition ere her sword is fairly drawn ;  
Ulric is weary of a vassal's life,  
And longs to ease his brother's aged brow  
Of the gold load which pains it ; but his son—  
Ay, there's a sting ! well, we must silence both.  
If Ulric rises to the throne, I stand  
The god that moves the puppet ; what although  
Some few score hearts may crack, and bosoms bleed ;  
Graves must be filled, and wolves and vultures fed,  
And mankind fettered, 'tis a stern old rule !  
But we must follow it.—My dupe advances.

*Enter ULRIC.*

URSA.

Welcome, my prince !

ULRIC.

Away with duty ; give me friendship now,  
The crown gleams not upon my brow, nor yet  
Have slaves knelt to me.

URSA.

Anon—yes, fate has writ it ; but, my lord,  
Hast thou been looking o'er our plans—

ULRIC.

Hush !

We must be as the midnight, dull and hid  
When breathing powerful names ; for there be slaves  
Ready to turn each whisper to a tale,  
Big with destruction,—go unto the waste !  
There breathe thy vows, and if they tend to darken  
A kingly pest, be sure, a thousand things,  
A thousand eyes, ten thousand tongues will catch  
The echo of thy thoughts, and, thence conveyed,  
It meets thee in the chamber of thy prince,  
And hurls thee to perdition.

URSA.

The throne is tottering—

ULRIC.

I've dreamed of it—but

URSA.

Perchance the name of brother softens down  
The voice of all your wrongs, you still must feel  
Your boyhood loves !

ULRIC.

Our boyhood loves ! oh ! he whose infant sigh  
Has but been echoed by a palace walls,  
Knows not the name of brother !—all our loves  
Are strangled by the forms of barbarous custom ;

Suspicion poisons all, and slaves perform,  
With hollow faith, the holy deeds of friend ;  
We live, we move with mercenary rule,  
The marble walls look not more deadly cold  
Than the rank faces of a despot's court !  
The prince can find no friend, and fate has made  
Betwixt the ruler and his slaves, a gulf  
O'er which love rarely ventures, and the voice  
Of friendship sounds like treason.

URSA.

My lord, you think too much—

ULRIC.

Yes ! thou dost jest, like the great world which has  
Nothing but curiosity to bind  
Their hearts to our adventure, they look on,  
As on a chariot race, with little interest  
Which of the parties triumph, if we prove  
Successful in this wild and bloody game,  
Thy fortune shall be grafted with our own,  
And fools will worship thee,—but if the blast  
Of cold adversity with bitter sweep  
Blows all our hopes and golden banners down,  
The tongues of men will not assail thee more,  
Than other restless plotters who have failed—  
How different is my fate !

URSA.

Oh ! hast thou never known what vengeance was ?  
Hast never brooded on that glorious dream,

And sickened when thy red and fiery hopes  
Were blasted?

ULRIC.

I can forgive you, for the one you war on ;  
You've only seen through the cold leaden robe  
Which girdles majesty, ye never drank  
Of his free wine cup,—could we not forbear?

URSA.

Let's preach forbearance to the abject worm  
That must endure the trampler's heel, then crawl  
Bruised to its hiding place ;—my prince, methinks  
Thou art of different mettle, and thy name—

ULRIC.

A rebel !

URSA.

My lord—

ULRIC.

Nay, worse, a traitor !

Then the world's rude tongue—

URSA.

Oh ! many a good deed had been done on earth,  
And many a tyrant humbled, had the slaves  
Hated their chains, and loved their beings less ;  
It is the curse of mankind to be charmed  
And lured by specious names to their own ruin ;  
We are the masters of our destinies,  
And if we drop unhonoured to our graves,  
Curse not the stars ! but our own coward souls

Which perished in their littleness, and left  
Nothing but ashes, in their nameless urns,  
A peasant's monument.

ULRIC.

Our strength will be as snow upon the waters  
Without the soldiers.

URSA.

Soldiers !

Mere flies of fortune, lighting on her robe,  
They follow her, whatever be the cause  
That drives the sullen goddess o'er the world ;  
We soon shall won them.

ULRIC.

Still we may strand our hopes.

URSA.

Then shall our hecatomb be Britain's wreck,  
Our pyre her blazing capitals !

ULRIC.

I still have doubts.

URSA.

Thou need'st not fear ; the multitude are thine—  
I have been doing desperate deeds of late—  
Gathering the million for a holy purpose—  
Teaching the slaves to think, and laugh at old  
Worn out mementos of their shackled sires,  
Filling men's minds with fierce and dangerous dreams  
About the goddess liberty, who walks  
Where breathing things are not ; that holy cheat !

Who potent as religion's self, can blind  
And dupe the multitude! that generous sound  
Which the old crafty troublers of the world  
Mouth ever in the vulgar ear, to link  
The chains of madmen closer—

ULRIC.

The people! that wild word which in the ears  
Of despot sounds like thunder, is but a heap  
Of sand to build a throne on: this gay hour  
And they are bellowing at your chariot wheels,  
The next rejoicing o'er your massacre.

URSA.

Think'st thou, that I, who for a century  
Have read that mystic book, the human heart,  
Can not ride o'er the storm; as strong-built barks  
Furrow the ocean, or, by veering shun it;  
And lead the fierce democracy at will—  
The easy tools of every master-spirit  
Who has the head and heart, without a pang,  
To wield the sword of fortune.

ULRIC.

True, we might smite the tree, but there's a branch  
I fear too tough for breaking;

URSA.

Roland?

ULRIC.

The adder may be chased—the abject worm  
Trodden and trampled on;—but who would dare



To take the hungry lion by the beard,  
And smite the gaunt one—

URSA.

My lord !

ULRIC.

I ask thee who would plant his buffet full  
In the swart monster's teeth ? or put his hand  
To twist the eagle's neck, as he would do  
A doveling's ?

URSA.

Perchance you love the youth.

ULRIC.

Yes ! as the serpent loves the hand that strikes it,—  
Yet, who will dare to meet old Rathmor's son  
When they have slain his father !

URSA.

I have a plan, where neither need be braved,  
And yet both perish.

ULRIC.

Thy tale ?

And yet I know it well, some secret draught,  
Some drug in the hot wine cup—is it not ?

URSA.

It is the cursed law of chance and change,  
Of coward custom and necessity,  
To be the villain which the time demands,  
And kneel to circumstance ; and try to pluck  
From fortune's wings a feather, as the jilt

Bounds in her madness past us,—list! my lord,  
I'm none of your pale poisoners, and the time  
Demands a bolder game than the black chalice;  
They must not perish in the dark, no, no!  
Their death must have an echo that will ring  
Through Scotland to the centre.

ULRIC.

Be brief.

URSA.

Rathmor, though hoary as the eagle, that  
Nestles on far Schichallion, is the dupe  
Of any knave who wills it; and his son  
Who, if he lives, mars all your hopes for ever,  
Is still the wanton slave of love and wine;  
Proclaim a feast! ay, start not! honoured sir,  
A feast, where woman in her charms will throw  
Wild witchery o'er the banquet; bright young eyes,  
And luscious lips, that far outshine the grape  
In generous beauty; let Urelia come  
With all the glittering minions of their house,  
Let music lend her voice, and bid the cup  
Circle in joyous draughts, till reason reels  
Beneath the purple deluge; in that hour  
Of mirth and revel, I will lead a band  
Of chosen hearts to fire your palace,—ay!  
And still each bosom at its highest beat!

ULRIC.

'Tis well, I see it, all my kin must sink

Beneath the crumbling walls of my proud dome !

URSA.

Even so, my chief, and if the blazing pile  
Fails to perform the work, a thousand blades  
Shall write their epitaphs !

ULRIC.

I understand,—that mighty funeral pyre  
Will light me onward to their empty throne,  
When o'er their smouldering ashes I must mount  
And shield their murderers ;—

URSA.

Even so, my lord.

ULRIC.

It shall be done,—till then, my friend, farewell !  
Be sure ye fail not, when the midnight moon  
Floats o'er the waves of Clutha, and the stars  
Have muffled up their tresses in the clouds,  
We'll meet again, and mock the raven's scream,  
And the wolf's bark for blood, with one more fierce—  
Thou know'st the banquet-chamber ?

URSA.

As well as death, the skeleton, describes  
His prey upon a battle field—you doubt ?

ULRIC.

Thou heard'st me swear—and doubt not but my vow  
Will be kept fearfully.

*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The Banquet Hall in the Palace of ULRIC.*

URSA.

My glorious plot begins to work, ha ! ha !      (*laughs.*)  
I thus make dupes of all ; 'tis the best way  
To grasp the shy hand of that wayward nymph  
Whom men call fortune : Ulric is my own—  
I've dazzled him a little with the sight  
Of things forbidden, such as crowns and thrones  
And other dangerous visions—let it pass—  
Fools must be charmed like children with the sight  
Of gilded toys and baubles !—but they come.

*Enter ULRIC, RATHMOR, ROLAND, URELIA,  
and other guests.*

ULRIC.

Hail ! royal visitors, I greet you all,  
A free fair welcome,—be ye seated, lords—  
Send round the wine cup,—let the music strike  
The battle chant of Oden,—fill up, friends,  
Let's quaff to our great sovereign !      (*drinks.*)

ALL.

Health to our king !

RATHMOR.

Kind friends, I thank you.

ULRIC.

Let the mirth pass ;

Now bid the music of our battles rise,  
The stormy war-drum, and the fiery trump,  
The gong, the chant, at whose tremendous shout,  
Our rolling chariots, with their levelling scythes,  
Cut through the dark battalions of the foe,  
Shearing its ranks to atoms.

URELIA.

Health to thee, father !

ULRIC.

Welcome, my child !

URSA.

Ulric.

ULRIC.

Peace ! the wine must ply them deeper.

ROLAND.

Ursa, I pledge thee !

URSA.

Amen ! my lord ;

(*Aside.*)

Methinks I hear the night-bird's note of death  
Travelling along the dark—boder of blood—  
Thou shalt have prey ere long !

ULRIC.

Drink round, my friends !—oh ! what is life without

Its hours like this ; yes, I would rather breathe  
One little day in pleasure's flowery mead,  
Than waste a life, long as those giants did,  
Who lived in our old world—I'd rather be  
The joyous insect of one summer's eve,  
Which blithely sports its sparkling hour away,  
Then dies in sunshine, than the mighty eagle  
Wasting a dull eternity of years  
In solitude and silence !

ALL.

Health to prince Ulric !

ULRIC.

Higher, and higher let the music rise,  
Till it has made the rude ears of the blast  
Deaf with its echo ! *(thunder is heard.)*

ALL.

Ha !

ULRIC.

Strike, minstrels, strike your harps, until they drown  
Yon busy meddling clouds which dare to mock  
Our joyous banquet, let their Ethiop mouths  
Mutter the stormy language of the sky—  
We care not ! *(lightning and thunder.)*

RATHMOR.

'Tis a wild night !

URSA. *(aside.)*

Another hour,—and it will be more wild !  
The black lips of the tempest, which now blab

Their passions forth, will be but simple sounds  
To those which soon will follow ; *(lightning.)*

URELIA.

Oh Roland !

ROLAND.

Hush thee, my dove !

ULRIC.

The thunders in their rattling pilgrimage  
Have deepened their great voices, and the bolts  
Whisk o'er the bosom of the growling sea,  
Making such splendour on its surgy breast,  
As if a sunset lit it.

RATHMOR.

'Tis a fierce storm !

URSA.

Let's hush it down with wine !

ROLAND.

See ! how the lowering sky  
Opens her magazines of spattering fire,  
Spewing its blue and levelling thunder shafts !  
Hark ! how the loosen'd avalanches shift  
From their eternal cradles ! down, and down  
The enormous masses of the snow are hurled,  
Crushing, in their fierce devastating path,  
The old pine forests, that for centuries  
Have steep'd their high heads in the blast, and flung  
Their shadows o'er the chasms ; how they bend,  
And rend and rive beneath the clouds of ice,

That, pitched from cliff to cliff, come thundering down,  
A whirling, dazzling atmosphere of frost,  
Whit'ning the desert!

ULRIC.

It is a glorious hour for such a banquet!  
The very storms are joining in the sport  
Of our mad wassailers.

URSA.

(*aside.*)

Shall I give the signal?

ULRIC.

When heaven is shaking the eternal earth,  
And in the tempest's teeth—I dare not!

URSA.

Pause not! we've gone too far to think of turning;  
'Tis death to half unsheath rebellion's sword;  
When fairly drawn, we have no means but on  
And use the weapon boldly.

ULRIC.

(*aside.*)

List to the rattling thunders in their charge;  
Oh! who can murder in an hour like this?

URSA.

They bid thee smite!

ULRIC.

(*aside.*)

I tell thee, Ursa, this wild heart is hot,  
My blood is boiling—and my fever'd brain  
Is scorch'd to madness!

URSA.

Then cool it with warm blood!



ULRIC.

Ha!

URSA.

Thou know'st my meaning ;

ULRIC.

But who dare read it in a light, whose flash  
Might scorch the earth to atoms ! dost thou see  
How the dark thunder opens its great eyes  
Of living fire upon us ?

URSA.

'Tis done in kindness, that thy slaves may see  
Whom to strike boldly !

ULRIC.

The kind remember'd faces—must they all  
Go down before thee ?

URSA.

We but deprive some petty things of clay  
Of breath and blood ; and Heaven knows now-a-days  
That work is rife enough ! Yes, every hour  
Can look upon its thousand carcasses,  
Rotting beneath the sun ; and where's the crime  
Of adding one poor unit to the number ?

ULRIC.

Well—be it so !

URSA.

I'll visit thee anon.

*(Exit, unnoticed by the rest.)*

ULRIC.

More wine, my friends !

ROLAND.

Ha ! that sound ?

RATHMOR.

The loud mouthed thunder—

ULRIC.

No—our palace is beset !

RATHMOR.

The enemy is on us ;—

*Enter URSA disguised, and other RUFFIANS.*

URSA.

Down with the king !

URELIA.

Oh God ! this is a banquet !

RATHMOR.

Oh brother, had'st thou on the open field

Hew'd stiff and manly 'gainst our ancient throne—

But thus to meet us !

URELIA.

Oh Heaven !—what now is left us ?

ROLAND.

Graves—my Urelia !

RATHMOR.

Slaves ! dare you thus advance against your prince ?

URSA.

Ay ! and thus smite him. *(stabs RATHMOR.)*

RATHMOR. *(falling.)*

Ho ! treason, treason ; fly, my children, fly !

Oh ! I am shivering with an ague fit

That freezes up my heart's blood—how is this ?  
All dark at noon-day ! yet, up ! ho ! my friends,  
While still upon our hearths, another blow  
Against our murderers. *(dies.)*

ROLAND.

Let's fly, my love ! before the foe descry us ;—  
Ulric has done it all—oh ! I might fret,  
And in the ear of Heaven, heap curse on curse  
On yon white bearded murderer ; such rant  
Becomes a stripling, or a woman's tongue ;  
Deeper and sterner, like the horrid calm  
Felt in the pauses of the hurricane,  
Shall be my mood, and he shall feel it.

URSA.

Friends, see that prince Roland die !

ROLAND.

*(retreating with URRILIA.)*

Come, come, my love ! how shrill and savagely  
The voice of death is mingling with the tempest.  
Oh God ! 'tis strange this beauteous world should bear  
Death and his thousand cloven-footed ills,  
And hollow friendship, baser than them all ;  
Who, with a sleek and smiling lip, extends  
One hand in love, and with the other pours  
The foulest poison in his brother's cup !—  
This path, before they smite us.

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the Palace.*

*Enter ULRIC, and URSA.*

ULRIC.

Are all our guests despatched ?

URSA.

All ;

ULRIC.

Is Roland safe ?

URSA.

Mute as the midnight ;

ULRIC.

Now let us fling the scabbard to the winds,  
And use our weapons valiantly ; away—  
We quench all feuds to-night ; and by yon bolts  
Which roll and burn in beauty o'er our heads,  
We've shown them what a few brave hearts can do  
Who fight upon their hearth-stones ; and if some  
Dare wag their serpent tongues against our rule,  
Or sow the tares of treason round our throne,  
We'll reap the harvest gloriously, and cut  
The upstarts to their roots.

*(Exit.)*

URSA.

Now is our game complete—ha !

*Enter ROLAND.*

ROLAND.

Base traitor, turn !

URSA. (*aside.*)

By Heaven ! I thought my night-hawks had been far  
More certain in their whoop.

ROLAND.

Villain ! thy death,

URSA.

Nay, here are none but friends ;

ROLAND.

Such as in hell may meet us !

URSA.

Roland !

ROLAND.

Blood will have blood ;—

URSA.

Well—I am prepared ! (*They fight, Ursa falls.*)

Oh fortune, thou hast hit me !

ROLAND.

This is at least revenge, the mightier deed  
Of glorious retribution is to come !

URSA.

Oh Roland ! lay me near thy father's body,  
'Twas I who smote him, that cold faded face,  
Blue in the icy chilliness of death,

Was a familiar vision of my youth,  
Now bloated by this hand—oh God ! what ties  
And early loves must be divided when  
We clasp ambition !

ROLAND.

Now, by the blood which glitters on this blade,  
I swear to chase for ever from my heart  
All thoughts but vengeance.

URSA.

My brain grows dizzy—yet, my swelling soul  
Defies thee ; and this hand, had it but strength,  
Would still assault thee ; oh, my heart is cold !  
One shiver and the dream is ended ; Roland,  
To-morrow night, and we again shall meet  
On terms of proud equality ! *(dies.)*

ROLAND.

I must be brief, and quit this den of death ;  
We were the prey, the gory vultures struck at,  
But haply miss'd—yet, there's no safety here,  
My friends are few, while Ulric's ill got power  
Has clothed that monster with authority,  
Which will be fatal to the scatter'd friends  
Of my poor father ;—ha ! the palace burns,  
The lordly pillars crack amid the blaze ;  
Some new device of that cursed fiend, to blind  
The eyeballs of the million,—oh, my God !  
Look down with mercy on the innocent,  
And shield them from the tempest. *(Exit.)*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*A wild vale among the Grampians, Moonlight.*

ROLAND.

*(alone.)*

A song of desolation, one wild chant  
Of solitary music, through the trees,  
The old thin spectral branches, whose hoar arms  
Are stretch'd like sorrows o'er my kindred's grave,  
Comes from Urelia's harp ; oh, it is borne  
Along the laughing night wind, like the voice  
Of old and household faces that are gone  
With joys that will return not ; oh, my wife !  
The world has known thee not, thou beautiful,  
Thou injured innocent ! I've prayed for thee,  
And watch'd o'er thee, and on the cutting peaks  
Of the blue icy mountains, I have knelt  
Wearying the stars with prayer, and making night  
Acquainted with my miseries ; until  
Her wild and wandering birds began to know  
My lamentations. Hush !

*Enter URELIA from a Cottage among the Cliffs.*

URELIA.

Again in grief;—why dost thou mourn, my lord?

ROLAND.

Why do I mourn?—Urelia, let thy thoughts  
Wander a moment through the bitter past,  
Look each familiar vision in the face,  
And read anew old tombs and epitaphs,  
And they will tell thee.

URELIA.

Oh, think our woes  
Dust in the balance weighed against the doom  
Which many suffer! nights so calm as this—

ROLAND.

Speak not of night, my love! speak not of night!  
'Twas in the night, yes! yes!—this withered heart  
Has been a wild, sojourner long with shapes  
That—

URELIA.

My lord!

ROLAND.

Oh God! this brain still sees that fatal hour;  
It was a night like this, fair doomed one; ay!  
The stars were all in heaven, and the round moon  
Stood as she standeth now, above the peaks  
Of the far shining hills,—



URELIA.

Oh breathe it not !

ROLAND.

Heaven scathe my spirit when I love thee not !  
Thou art not Ulric's daughter, not his kin ;  
Nature brings forth the tiger, and the lamb ;  
The vulture, and the dove, alike have life ;  
And the same voice which calls the tempest forth,  
Slopes out a pathway for the laughing sun.  
Stern Ulric, Clutha's old and bloody chief,  
Gave thee thy birth, but only as the night,  
The melancholy night, from whose thick breast  
Comes forth in loveliness, yon host of stars,  
Yon bright ones of eternity, that smile  
Upon the frozen paps of our blue Alps.

URELIA.

My love, your spirit darkens,—let me sing  
Some gentle lay to soothe our solitude !

ROLAND.

Music, they say, can chase the passion cloud  
And sorrow, which, like lava rivers, turn  
The soul's best sweets to ashes,—charmer, strike  
Thy thrilling harp, albeit, alas ! alas !  
A load is lying here, which will not shift  
Even with the voice of song ! yet, let me hear  
One of our simple airs, that little song  
Which speaks of mountain flowerets.

URELIA.

You love that lay.

ROLAND.

Yes, from a boy, I loved to look on flowers,  
They seemed, to me, in their rude beds of moss,  
So gentle, so unheeded, and so lone,  
Scattered athwart the wild waste, like pure hearts  
Oft spurned and trampled on in this cold world,  
Or by unfeeling hands in wantonness  
Riven to atoms.

URELIA.

The soft air sleeping round the muffled hills  
Will suit that ballad's echo.

*(sings.)*

Pure as a virgin's dream, who dreams of love,  
Flowers of the mountain land! ye meet the eye  
Like lowly innocence, ye look above,  
Lonely companions of the summer sky!  
Rich as a poet's thought, your odour fills  
The silent nooks which fringe the desert stream  
That holds its flashing path among the hills,  
Moaning like spirit in a restless dream;  
And oh! to him who wends the wastes along,  
Ye shine upon the fountains of his thought,  
Like the glad music of some household song  
In childhood learned, whose echoes, ne'er forgot,  
Float round his soul for ever!

ROLAND.

Enough,—that lay has strange mysterious tones  
Which conjure up old visions.

URELIA.

The night is chilly, let us seek our cot,  
The fruits you love now glow upon the board.

ROLAND.

'Tis well kind nature yields within the waste  
Such cheerful food, for, oh ! I would not scathe  
The solitary dwellers of yon rocks,  
They've been our free and faithful neighbours, and  
They ne'er made war upon us,—yet, my love,  
I'd rather stray awhile amongst the hills  
And hear the language of the waste,—fer, look  
How bright the volume of our God is spread  
Along those solitudes, and one may read  
From fair undying things a thousand truths  
That will not perish !

URELIA.

Why should we hug our griefs ?  
The palace and the cottage breed alike  
Their ashes for the grave !

ROLAND.

Ay ! 'tis that little, little term of life—  
That short uncertainty—that moment's boon  
Granted to man, which ought to make him act  
As something claiming kindred with the sky !  
Life's feverish hour should spur us to perform

Some deed, that man in after ages might  
With exultation sit upon our graves,  
And through far ages triumph in our names ;  
What must I feel ? who am debarred from this,  
Who should, when dying, have bequeathed my kin  
A crown and sceptre, and a name of glory !  
Not lost for ever, like a peasant's birth,  
And shrouded in a yard of worthless clay ;  
No marble, and no brass to tell the eyes  
Of gaping multitudes who rots below !  
Must all our glory—all our ancestry  
Be gathered in a little mountain tomb,  
And have no other monument but that  
Which decks the humblest shepherd of the hills !  
A few wild flowers, and, midst the desert heath,  
A patch of fresher verdure, which our dust  
Keeps in a rank luxuriance.

URELIA.

My lord,—but, hark ! some one approaches ;

ROLAND.

Nothing, my fair one, nothing but the wind—  
That wild one piping from his viewless home,  
And sporting with the lone and laughing flowers,  
On the green temple of the mountains, list !  
How like the moan of parting life it seems,  
The last faint murmur of the dying, when  
The closing lips have breathed love's fare-thee-well !  
Perchance, if spirits ever visit earth,

Their voices may be in that wandering breeze,  
And they may now be gazing on us, and  
Blessing us from their clouds !

URELIA.

Oh ! talk not thus ; thy words, my lord, are wild.

ROLAND.

And should they not—for now methinks I see,  
Between me and the everlasting moon,  
Strange, gory shadows,—hist !

URELIA.

A voice !

ROLAND.

What bloody heart could dog us out so far ?  
The despot thinks us dead ;—but let him come  
With all his hireling slaves, he durst not strike  
My only living monument of love !  
No ! by the righteous spirit of yon sky,  
I'd smite him mid his thousands !

*Enter a STRANGER, disguised, followed by several  
Attendants.*

STRANGER.

Mine honest friend !

ROLAND.

I know your wish, and grant it ere you ask,—  
Food, rest, and shelter !

STRANGER.

Who is our generous friend, that we may thank him ?

ROLAND.

One whom the world's rude tongue will call a slave—

One whom his poverty has rendered proud—

One who has scorned to barter liberty

For baser trifles !

STRANGER.

'Thou talk'st it well, my friend, I scarcely thought

This barren desert gendered minds so lofty.

ROLAND.

Where would'st thou seek a nobler school, to teach

The soul sublime ideas, than these rocks,

Those palaces, where freedom's children play ?

Beyond the pigmy tyrants of the world ;

Those frozen pillars of eternity,

Cased by the blue interminable sky,

Through which ten thousand worlds look down on man,

And with their deathless language speak of God

In words that will not wither !

STRANGER.

'Thou should'st have gone unto the generous world

And taught such pure philosophy ; its tribes

Would have heaped honours on thee ; yet, thy words

Surprise me much—thou must have suffered wrong.

ROLAND.

I need not curse—no ! no !—the hand of God

Shall yet fall heavy on him !

STRANGER.

Thou must have borne it bravely !—I would fain  
Be listener to thy story.

ROLAND.

It were a tale too long—too deeply fraught  
With desolation ; yet, if to bear up  
Against those sorrows which decay the heart,  
Even in the morning of our days, be greatness,  
I've acted firmly ! but, as to my wealth,  
This is my patrimony, sir, these rocks  
Which lift their giant foreheads to the moon  
In solitary grandeur, frozen o'er  
Since the first storm descended from the sky  
On young creation ! they, at least, look down  
Upon the proudest of your domes on Clutha !  
The goat that dances on the airy cliff,  
Inhabitant of freedom ! and the bird  
That keeps his empire in the gather'd clouds,  
These are my subjects !

STRANGER.

Thy words amaze me much—this solitude  
Has not given birth to thee ! thy name—

ROLAND.

Ha !—who is he that asks ? was't not a couch,  
And food, and shelter, that has brought thee here ;  
What dost thou long for more ?

STRANGER.

Thou'rt moved, my friend,

ROLAND.

Yes—

There is an order in the race of men,  
Who, being smit by fortune's shafts, sit down,  
And like a statue on a pedestal,  
Seem chill'd to marble ! or they whine away  
Their manhood, like sick maidens—I was not  
Made of such moping matter ! I was not  
Fashion'd to walk the earth, and bear about  
A rainy eyeball, and a nerveless heart !  
The wild materials that are gathered here  
Could only yet be quench'd in showers of blood,  
Not smothered in salt rheum !—I've been wrong'd,  
Ay, trampled on !—but they who smote me yet  
May feel, when least expected, the keen tooth,  
The adder's fang, sharp, cutting, edg'd with death,  
In what they deem'd a worm.

STRANGER.

Ha !

ROLAND.

Oh God ! that we were but alone, amidst  
The burning deserts of the east, with none  
To step betwixt us—or upon the wave,  
Lonely as Noah, with but sea and sky,  
And their wild tempests all the lookers on !  
Then !—but, enough.

URELIA.     *(to the STRANGER.)*

Sir, will you follow me into the cottage ?



STRANGER.

Sweet, with my soul ;—here, Gursa, take my arm,  
For I am weary with our path to-day.—  
Go you not with us ?

ROLAND.

Anon, I'll follow thee.

*(Exeunt all but ROLAND into the Cottage.)*

How clear and calm  
The mountain breezes, from their icy caves,  
Sweep far through the blue midnight, on their path  
Shaking the old pine forests, that have hung,  
Like thunder clouds, upon those hills which look  
Pure, and beyond our world ! so high they soar,  
Nothing of our gross clay dares venture there ;  
The red déer gambols at their stony feet,  
And the strong riders of the storm but pierce  
The mists which zone their bosoms ; their cold fronts  
Stand lone and lifeless ! or, it may be, some  
Of Heaven's fair creatures rear on their white scalps  
Their airy bowers of pure sublimity !  
And in those shining solitudes repose,  
Unseen by mortals !—ha ! intruded on.

*Enter REOTH.*

So, ho ! my friend, you seem to love the night.

REOTH.

By Oden, friend, I love your cordial better,  
After a journey 'mid your crags.

ROLAND.

Why do'st thou seek the mountains, then ? on which  
The stars are all the watchers.

REOTH.

My message is to you.

ROLAND.

Well !

REOTH.

Our master longs for your return ; and, hark ye !  
The proudest noble in the land would smile  
At such an invitation.

ROLAND.

Your master !

REOTH.

A prince !

ROLAND.

*(aside.)*

A prince ! then Heaven may yet be merciful !

REOTH.

Ay ! prince of Clutha !

ROLAND.

*(aside.)*

Oh God ! 'tis true—

*(Aloud.)*

Go on, my friend—

REOTH.

Ay, prince of Clutha ! whose proud palace blazed,  
And, with its waves of rolling fire, made dim  
The great moon climbing o'er the snowy hills !

ROLAND. (*aside.*)

My heart will burst—down devil ! and be calm—

(*Aloud.*)

Friend, I have heard it said—

REOTH.

Yes ! Yes !—I know it all ; his kindred died  
All in that dreadful night ; but we who break  
A master's bread, like silence, should be mute,  
Still as a shadow.

ROLAND.

'Twas said that Ulric slaughtered all his kin !

REOTH.

'Tis certain the next morn he seized the crown,  
And silenced those who favoured the late prince ;  
He called them traitors, when their voices went  
Not for his principedom, but a regency.

ROLAND.

And this old murderer is now my guest !  
Begrin'd with blood—oh Heaven ! 'tis terrible  
Even to think on't !—why, man, might we not  
Fear lest the vengeance of the living God  
Should smite us with the guilty ?

REOTH.

I've said too much—your mountain cheer has sucked  
All reason from my brain ! (*Exit to the Cottage.*)

ROLAND.

Oh midnight ! doff thy starry mantle, and  
Wrap thee in utter darkness ! that his soul

May stagger down in blackness to perdition !  
Yes, I will beard thee smiling, damned villain,  
And hurl thee to destruction ! thou did'st smite  
Deadly and deep, and in the dark, so thou  
Shalt perish without shrift—but soft, hold, hold,—  
It must be true ; the slave who has betrayed  
The hoary despot knew not I was Roland ;  
He told his story with unvarnished guise ;  
Oh ! 'tis the bane of tyrants still to find  
No faithful friend on whom to hang their souls !  
The knaves who drink their wine are ever ready  
To pour in poison with the mantling grape.  
Yes ! I will smite him, as the Eternal smote  
The proud Assyrian, in the night—yet, Heaven !  
Must my fair bride, the tyrant's daughter, know ;  
Oh ! what a task for children to perform ;  
My brain spins round to think on't—I am sick—  
Shall he die sleeping—no ! I'll rouse him, then,  
In the broad moonlight !—how my temples throb—  
I cannot think of ghastly murder here,  
Where all is calm and beautiful ! but when  
I see the gory felon in the gloom  
Of my low hut, and think what he has made me !  
Vengeance, then suited to the time and place,  
May do a deed, which, like a thunder burst,  
Will rouse proud Caledon ! and, with its echo,  
Startle broad Albion to her farthest shore !

*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Cottage.*

(ROLAND *walking hurriedly to and fro*, URELIA *in tears*.)

ROLAND.

I would not stay one gentle tear of thine,  
Not for a diadem—they are virtue's drops,  
When the heart's full, the young brain dizzy, and  
The eye o'erburdened ; we must weep yet, love :  
The tear that should the best become us now  
Is blood, ay, blood ! and we must wring it out  
From old and treacherous bosoms !

URELIA.

What may this mean ?

ROLAND.

“The drops with which the first of murderers  
Watered the earth, have been a prologue to  
A deluge that has stained it through and through ;  
Blood has been spilt like rain, and men pass on  
Amid the purple hurricane, and care not ;  
Urelia, we must add another drop  
To the red river, that has crimsoned earth !

URELIA.

Some dreadful whirlwind rouses up your soul !

ROLAND.

I've read, in the old tales of the earth, of men  
Who dogg'd the beings that had injured them  
Through long, long years, o'er seas and stranger lands,  
Till they washed out their wrongs ; but not with tears,  
Blood blots them better ; yes, my fair one, blood !  
And now when empires are trod down by tyrants,  
The slaughter of one despot 'mid the ruin  
Is no great marvel, and our crazy world,  
Used to the million stabs which hour by hour  
Are planted in the bleeding tree of life,  
Will roll as jocundly, and never stop  
To sigh above the brief pang of a worm ;  
No, no, my fair one, death has too much work  
In this mad orb, than turn from reeking thousands  
To watch the black blood trickling from one heart,  
When waves are dashing round the spectre's feet  
Fit to make ocean purple.

URELIA.

Oh, speak not thus !

ROLAND.

You've heard me pray, and now my prayers are answered ;  
Hist ! hist ! my love, he's here !

URELIA,

Who ?

ROLAND.

Ah ! my girl,

'Tis a hard task, but yet he slew and wept not.

URELIA.

Unmask your thoughts.

ROLAND,

Oh! would to Heaven

I had but known it, when we stood and talked  
On the green mountain!

URELIA.

What may this mean?

ROLAND.

Now I am doomed to stain  
The sacred hearthstone of our humble home  
With his detested carrion,—let it pass—  
The earth will drink up all, and the hot sun,  
That smokes above the festering battle field,  
Will suck the venom with his fiery lips,  
Hiding all tales.

URELIA.

You speak in riddles.

ROLAND.

They've used us harshly,—scandal has been busy  
Both with our names and fortunes; we were born  
To be the capital, and not the base  
Of the column; but the hurricane hath passed,  
And we have fallen before it.

URELIA.

Alas!

ROLAND.

Now could'st thou think

That the old man who is our guest could murder ?

URELIA.

Oh, no ! he looks too high and haughtily  
To play the midnight prowler.

ROLAND.

Hush thee, my love ! for there be men, whose souls  
Are like the sun-lit ocean clad with smiles,  
While all within is death and desolation.

URELIA.

I fear the sacred scales where reason hangs  
Descend with too much sorrow !

ROLAND.

Oh, no, my love ! would to our God they did !  
For then I still might think the whole a dream,  
Or, at the least, with high exulting heart  
Murder in madness.

URELIA.

My heart is seared !

ROLAND.

'Twas seared too soon, thy father seared it !—but  
The hour is come ;—fair mourner, near me, list !  
If thou shouldst hear a groan, think nothing of it !

URELIA.

Who may this stranger be, who thus afflicts you ?

ROLAND.

Thy—no, no, not thy father—but the prince  
Of Clutha !



URELIA.

Heaven forbid !

ROLAND.

Yea, by yon blessed lights which roll above  
This cold and solitary world, he dies !  
He smote us deeply, and he shed no tears  
Above my kindred—none shall fall on him,  
None but his parting drops, and they'll be purple !  
He'll have no priest to shrive him, but the storm  
That thunders in the night amongst the hills,  
Scattering the huge limbs of the ancient trees  
Like leaves upon the whirlwind.

URELIA.

My lord, forbear.

ROLAND.

The savage music of the avalanche  
Falling before the tempest, and the scream  
Of nature's tribes expiring, shall be all  
The dirge above his bones ; or could I write  
The epitaph of Cain o'er the wretch,  
I'd scare the universe !

URELIA.

Oh Heaven, have mercy !

ROLAND.

I tell thee, he shall have no honoured grave,  
Ay, though he's chief of Clutha, none—none—none—  
Wouldst thou pollute the peasant's lowly bed  
With such a felon's dust ? I tell thee, girl,

The dead would start aside from such a monster !

URELIA.

My father ! oh, no !

ROLAND.

'Tis six years since I last beheld him,—yet  
If it be he, there is an ancient scar  
Upon his brow, which he received in battle ;  
I was beside him in the charge, and saw  
The arm that dealt him such rude courtesy ;  
Amid the whirlwind of the Roman horse  
Your father fell, I clove the noble youth,  
Whose sword had brought such royal quarry down.  
Oh, would to God ! that this right hand had then  
Transfixed another bosom, such a blow,  
Perchance, had saved the wretch from being damned !

URELIA.

My lord, it is impossible.

ROLAND.

I will be certain ere I plunge the steel—  
I'll view his sallow face, and read it well—  
I cannot but remember, for this hand,  
Soon as our blades had ploughed the field of death,  
Dress'd the fresh wound ; but, see the rolling moon  
Flings off her cloudy mantle ! blessed star !  
I thank thee.

URELIA.

What means this prayer ?

ROLAND.

The hour is fitting for a deed of death—  
Sleep sits upon the great eye of the world—  
I will be back anon, our mountain paths  
Have lull'd his train to slumber, all is hush'd,  
But the far night wind, and the raven's scream  
That travels with it, like the wail of death  
Along the desert! no, he cannot wake—  
One steady blow, one short convulsive groan,  
A moment's quiver of the panting breast,  
And all is over!

URELIA.

Merciful Heaven!

ROLAND.

Nay, do not follow me, by all we love,  
I charge thee, girl, upon our holiest ties,  
To stir not from this room! my brain spins round—  
My spirit pants for slaughter—'tis not safe  
To tempt me at this hour. Urelia, hearken!  
If through the darkness thou perchance shouldst hear  
The fearful struggle of expiring men,  
The clash of swords, a shriek, a curse, a groan,  
Let the wild echoes pass, but venture not,  
Where havock may be busy, stir not hence,—  
Oh! who can charm despair!      (*Runs out.*)

## SCENE III.

*A Passage leading to the Room where the Chief and his  
Servants are sleeping.*

*(ROLAND looking in upon them.)*

ROLAND.

Demon, sleep on !  
Dream of thy crimes, thy murders, and thy crown ;  
Then wake to find all vanished in perdition,  
Start writhing in the ocean of deep hell,  
Gnashing thy teeth amongst the lowest damn'd !

*(Seeing URELIA.)*

Ha !

URELIA.

For mercy's sake, forbear ;

ROLAND.

Work not upon my love, thou frail one, think  
Of the great debt yon sleeper owes me.

URELIA.

Oh ! let him live.

ROLAND.

Ay ! he should live for ever, if my curse,  
Like the Eternal's, stamp'd of old on Cain,  
Could make him mark'd, a fearful monument,

A living horror, shunn'd alike by all,  
As something outcast from his God, and fit  
Only to nestle with the fiends of hell !  
Upon such terms he still might hold his being,  
And, friendless, homeless, desolate, and scorned,  
Roam o'er the variegated world, and live  
Till the last dart in death's exhausted quiver  
Was launched against the withered heart of time.

URELIA.

Oh, my sad heart.

ROLAND.

My curse cannot do that—then let me plunge  
This blade in its fit sheath !

URELIA.

Oh ! think, my husband, of those hours of love—  
On her who kneels thus for a father's life,  
Think of the thousand nameless ties which still  
Twine round my busy memory, and bring  
The feelings of our childhood brightly back ;  
He is my father, e'en though cruel now,  
Yet was he once a kind, a gentle sire,  
Oft has he bless'd me in the name of God,  
And with a loving hand stroked down my head,  
For he was fond to practise those sweet arts  
Which speak the language of a father's soul !  
Oh, think, my husband, think upon your wife !  
How can I stand and see that bosom marr'd,  
Which oft has pillowed your Urelia's head.

ROLAND.

Oh! thou fair charmer, wouldst thou make me drop  
The sword of justice—no, thou fond one, no!  
Though worlds were balanced with this villain's life,  
And offered in exchange, I'd smite him!

URELIA.

God will forgive thee.

ROLAND.

We will forgive each other in the grave,  
Ay, in that narrow house where reigns the worm  
Feasting upon the monarch, full as free  
As on the meanest slave,—the broken heart  
There sleeps unmindful of the canker which  
Poisoned its buds of promise,—sorrow dries  
Her swollen eye, which long in this cold sphere  
Had streamed unheeded,—tears, Urelia, tears  
Are such a dower, that there are few to steal  
The burning, withering gift from the possessor.

URELIA.

Oh heavy fate!

ROLAND.

There

The captive meets his lord on equal terms,  
And there the beggar's blue and mouldy skull  
Can grin and show its rotten teeth in scorn  
At the silk-shrouded despot! yes, my girl,  
When death has cracked life's glass, the stern one opes  
A wild and dark equality to all,

URELIA.

Let's quit this chamber for the starry hills,  
And we will pray, beneath the cloudless sky,  
To Heaven for happiness!

ROLAND.

For death, for death! ha! list! my slaughtered sire,  
See! how he lifts his blue and skeleton hands  
Towards his murderer! yes, thou honoured shade,  
Thou shalt have vengeance! I will hurl his soul,  
That thou may'st drag him to the judgment-seat,  
And hear his deep damnation!

*(Runs out.)*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A low dark Room.*

*(The STRANGER asleep—his Attendants stretched on the floor around him—Time, Midnight—the Moon seen through the Window—the Room illuminated with her light.)*

*Enter ROLAND.*

Ha ! there he slumbers—be your sleep eternal.  
Down, down, thou high and rolling moon, that I  
May smite him in the dark. *(Enter URELIA.)*  
Ha !

URELIA.

Ay, still behold me like your better angel !

ROLAND.

Is 't come to this ?

URELIA.

Where is the proof that he's my father ?



ROLAND.

The everlasting language of our God !  
See, where the sprinkling of the moonshine falls  
From the blue loop-holes of yon troubled cloud,  
Pale, pale and ghastly o'er the villain's face !  
Look, look, Urelia, gaze upon that brow !  
Read well those icy features,—doubt'st thou yet ?  
See, see, by Heaven ! the ever damning spot—  
The wild, the sickening, all-convincing proof,  
Which the sharp sabre of the foe has left  
On his pale brow to damn him,—there it lowers  
Full on his forehead !—I remember well  
The arm that dealt him that unerring stroke,  
He was a Roman.

URELIA.

Oh God, my father !

*(The STRANGER murmurs in his sleep.)*

ROLAND.

He cannot sleep—that gracious boon of peace,  
That holy Sabbath, 'mid the storms of life,  
Will not descend on one so foul with blood !

URELIA.

Oh, that the grave had hid mine eyes, before  
They witnessed such a sight !

ROLAND.

He raves again—and, list ! he talks of death.

STRANGER.

Be sure they perish—all, all, all !

E

ROLAND.

I knew he could not sleep,—that gift of Heaven,  
That sweet millennium of the soul, will never  
With summer loveliness alight to lull  
The fierce volcano of his restless brain ;  
Oh ! keep thy crown and dignity, old man,  
I would not have the partners of thy bosom,  
Those thoughts, which twist thy memory on the rack,  
For all the fame, the splendour, and the power  
The Cæsars ever gathered.

STRANGER.

*(in his sleep.)*

Avaunt, avaunt, ye horrid, bleeding ghosts !  
Let me but reign a few short days ! and then  
I'll bear your frozen looks beyond the grave ;  
I loved thee, fair Urelia—but the crown—  
Your Roland,—oh, oh !

ROLAND.

No pausing now, the demon may awake !

*(As he is running to stab the Sleeper, URELIA  
springs before his sword.)*

URELIA.

Nay, then, your blade must first lie buried here !  
Across my lifeless body you may mount,  
And smite the father of your murdered wife ;  
But never shall his aged head be scathed  
And I breathe on to see it !

ROLAND.

Away, thou fatal thing, away, nor make

Me shed a double sacrifice!

URELIA.

Never!

ROLAND.

Then must I strike despite thy subtle tears?

*(As they are struggling, the STRANGER awakes.)*

STRANGER.

What, ho! my guards!

ROLAND.

Thanks to your love, Urelia,

URELIA.

Nay, I will be your saviour still.

*(Falling on her knees before ULRIC.)*

Mercy, my father! look on her who oft

Has fondly gambol'd round your knees at even,

And kissed you for a blessing!

ULRIC.

Ha!

ROLAND.

Ay, gaze on her—thou had'st a daughter once.

URELIA.

Oh, is there nothing in this faded face,

Though grief has wasted it before its day,

Which thou may'st yet remember?

ULRIC.

Away, thou raving thing!

URELIA.

Oh, no, my lord, Urelia is not mad,

Her reason is as bright as it was when  
Your heart was kinder.

ULRIC.

Away !

ROLAND.

Ulric !

ULRIC.

My guards !

ROLAND.

Here, in the name of Him whose sleepless eye  
Beheld thee draw thy sword against my father,  
I do arraign thee as his murderer !

ULRIC.

Base peasant !

ROLAND.

Proud Briton, gaze on me, thou know'st me well !

ULRIC.

Seize on that pair, as traitors to the state !

URELIA.

Is there no mercy ?

ROLAND.

Oh, for the power of her of Endor ! that  
I might confront thee with thy victims.

URELIA.

Oh, that this heart would break !

ROLAND.

Stern Ulric ! different fortunes have been ours,  
And our frail barks when launched have wandered wide

Across the ocean ; but, old man, anon  
And they will meet on the same shoreless sea.

URELIA.

Oh ! Roland.

ROLAND.

Weep not, my love ! death gives his frozen hand  
To the proud despot, with an air as free  
As to the fetter'd slave ; and he can tread  
On royal epitaphs as merrily  
As on the captive's ashes.

ULRIC.

Lead them away !

ROLAND.

We'll go, yet there are friends which we have known,  
And loved sincerely,—come, Urelia, come,  
We'll bid a long farewell to them for ever ;  
Yon beautiful blue mountains, and the face  
Of the far desert, and the rolling moon,  
High burning o'er the pyramids of snow,  
Things which we oft have gazed on, which have made  
Our solitude a paradise ;—farewell,  
Ye deathless lights, and mighty monuments  
Of the Omnipotent ! still lift your heads  
In the same moonshine, and we yet may see  
Your sacred beauties from a fairer world.  
Now lead the way, old man ;—God rules in this  
Strange, ghastly drama !

ULRIC,

Guards, move on!

ROLAND.

To-morrow, and the shores of Caledon  
May hear a startling echo ;—come, my bride,  
Our fortunes have been rough, but let us bear them  
As free-born spirits ought ; a fairer dawn  
Ere long will break upon the stormy night  
Of all our sorrows ! (*Exeunt all.*)

## SCENE II.

*A Cell in a Dungeon.*

(*URELIA asleep, ROLAND seated beside her.*)

ROLAND.

How beautiful is sleep, when virtue hangs  
Like some pure angel o'er the dreaming soul ;  
Ah ! my young mourner, happy would it be  
If thy worn spirit, on the wings of slumber,  
Could pass death's dreary region ; ha ! a sigh—  
A murmur, like the last sob of the breeze,  
Dying far off upon the sleeping waters !  
Her brow seems throbbing, and the tender blue  
Of her scarce shaded eyeball trembles brightly,—  
Her breath comes thickly, and her bloodless lips

Quiver a moment as in act to speak ;  
The pure and azure veins that span her neck's  
Smooth alabaster, with an inward pain  
Seem swell'd as if to bursting ; in her dreams  
She sees, perchance, kind faces, and old hopes ;  
Her gentle mind is wandering far away  
Among the summer scenes of happier years ;  
Ah ! no, her trance is of a sterner order,  
She seems convulsed, and struggles to fling off  
The heavy pall of sleep.—I will awake her,

URELIA.

Where am I ? still within this cruel world !  
Ah ! my dear husband, canst thou love the wretch  
Who has betrayed thee ?

ROLAND.

I will not chide thee, no, Urelia, no ;  
For we are doomed to bear our fates together.  
Thy breast seems fluttering,—oh, I knew it well,  
The slumber of a dungeon cannot lull  
A spirit rear'd upon the mountains, where  
Peace and the soul are sisters !

URELIA.

My lord, if dreams be not a mockery,  
I've seen the secrets of eternity,  
Which say, ' that we must perish !'

ROLAND.

Yes, we must die, Urelia, yet the path,  
Though gloomy, is not long.

URELIA.

Will none befriend us in our father's court?

ROLAND.

Had we arrived and claimed our birth-right, girt  
With majesty and power, we might have heard  
Some honest voices in our favour, but—  
Poverty, Urelia, poverty  
Must bear its woes alone in this cold sphere;  
And now-a-days, when monarchs murder millions,  
One solitary heart-break in the world  
Is nothing thought of.

URELIA.

Then must we perish?

ROLAND.

And be forgotten—none will pile o'er us  
The marble or the brass; and yet, my girl,  
We'll have a couch as easy, and as soft  
And lasting as the proudest,—the same sun  
Which cheered us in the desert, still will shine  
Above our slumbers, while our monument  
Will be forgetfulness! I wish no other  
From wrangling thousands,—and above our heads  
No epitaph but silence,—she who puts  
Her misty finger on the trumpet's mouth,  
Strangling the death charge in its brazen throat,  
And whispering to the ambitious fool, be still—  
Will keep our names inviolate!



URELIA.

Dying, let us forgive them.

ROLAND.

Yes, yes, my love, for they will soon bestow

On us the boon of Immortality.

Oh God! Urelia, how my spirit pants

To travel space, that universe of light,

That boundless ocean of high floating orbs,

That measureless expanse of mighty forms,

Of rolling spheres, and glorious suns, and stars

Which, like their great Creator, never die!

Death, and the wizard Time shall walk the earth,

And tread down many empires in the dust,

Crack the tall column, and from her old chart

Blot out the royal capitals; but we,

Above the wreck, shall see the shadows pass,

And smile unblighted, while the dim ones hew

Thrones, creeds, and altars, with their pomp, to atoms.

URELIA.

'Tis mournful to die young!

ROLAND.

Look round these black and life-destroying walls

Where the sweet voice of mercy never enters—

Where hope ne'er comes, but when she comes to bid

The fettered captive rise and meet his doom;

Look round these walls, they are not the blue sky

Which hung upon our green hills.

URELIA.

Creatures there are, who soft and delicate,  
Who nursed amid the perfume and the sloth  
Of this corrupt and slandering world, whose lives  
Have been but one eternal sip of sweets,  
Who ever in their ivory palms have pressed  
The juice of happiness, such things may fret  
When fortune stings them; but, my Roland, we  
Have drunk a darker beverage, and we know—

ROLAND.

Yes, yes, my girl, the way to act our parts  
In this wild drama, with a mind befitting  
The stock we've sprung from.

URELIA.

Have we no friends?

ROLAND.

In the wide marts of man, those loathsome hives,  
Where guilt, and crime, and lust, do congregate,  
And murder by a tyrant swathed in purple  
Is a mere pastime,—we are but as toys  
Fashioned and framed, that every sceptred fool  
May crack at will.

URELIA.

Alas!

ROLAND.

While hirelings, and the fat ones of the earth,  
Stagger in pampered luxury along,  
Greasy and smiling in the full-faced sun,

Their fiat such, if echo blabs their faults,  
They put a golden finger on men's lips  
And soothe suspicion down ; such wassailers  
Will never deign to turn a passing look  
On such poor bankrupts, love, as thee and me.

URELIA.

Oh, Roland !

ROLAND.

Fear not, my trembler.

*Enter CHIEF OF THE GUARD.*

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

The prince of Clutha, ever merciful,  
Will grant you freedom ; se you follow me  
To a proud bark now anchored at the fort,  
When she will waft you to a distant land.

ROLAND.

To live a shackled captive,—dost thou think  
That crowns like wassail goblets at a feast  
Can be exchanged, forsaken, or flung by,  
Without one pang at parting ?

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

He grants thee freedom !

ROLAND.

To wither in a hovel, scorned and trampled on ;  
Or, pined with want, sit shivering in the dark,  
The mark of proud suspicion ; at the last,

Strangled, or poisoned by the needy slaves  
Who ever wait upon a great man's nod,  
To flatter or to murder ; no, my lord,  
If we must die, we'll die in our own land,  
And sleep on our own mountains, that the flowers,  
The wild untrodden flowers we loved when living,  
May ope their ivory lips and kiss the breeze  
Which wanders o'er our ashes.

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

Peace is no stranger in the humble cot.

ROLAND.

Yes, for a lamb,—let the frail firstling crop  
The rushes by the brook ; the lion loves  
The wilderness to dwell in,—where wouldst thou  
Seek for the eagle ? not where coos the dove,  
But 'mid the frozen cliffs that shine afar  
On our bald-headed mountains.

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

Yet they must die.

ROLAND.

But not within the cottage of the hind  
Will either seek to close their haughty eye,  
They droop where they have reigned, amid the wild  
And everlasting solitudes of earth ;  
One in the savage grandeur of his cave,  
Whose flinty arches lend a kindred echo  
To his last groan,—the other up among  
The sparkling snowfalls of the pathless hills,

With the blue heavens above, and all the stars,  
Or the broad sun, in whose almighty face,  
When journeying like a giant o'er the storm,  
He oft has floated.

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

Submit to Clutha's chief.

ROLAND.

Submit to him and patiently hold out  
These hands for fetters ; look around thee, man,  
From out that lattice, as the moonshine sleeps  
On the white sparkling cliffs, whose belts of pine  
Lace the clear sky like seawaves, yon tall ones  
Whose giant arms can battle with the blast,  
Ay, shake their plumage like a monarch in  
Defiance of the thunder-pinioned fiend  
Who crushes fleets to atoms ; look around,  
And thou mayst see the falcon hovering  
Betwixt thee and the icehills, or far up  
Sailing athwart the majesty of heaven,  
Lone, and as glorious as a freeborn thought  
Within our shackled world.

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

Your answer to my message ?

ROLAND.

Then tell your master, we will meet our fate  
Before the assembled thousands of his land !

CHIEF OF THE GUARD.

Then must we lead thee to the judgment hall.

ROLAND.

*(aside.)*

Now will we brave him in the glorious eye  
Of great Creation,—ay, and do a deed  
That kings will tremble at. *(Exit, guarded.)*

## SCENE III.

*The Hall of Judgment.**(ULRIC on his Throne—JUDGES, CHIEFS, GUARDS, &c.)*

ULRIC.

Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter ROLAND and URELIA, guarded.*

JUDGE.

*(To ROLAND.)*

What art thou?

ROLAND.

A man, whose sword oft cut  
A motto on your misty chronicles.

JUDGE.

Caitiff, you trifle.

ROLAND.

Why need one trifle at the hour of death?  
That solitary moment, when we know  
The soul must quit this breathing earth for ever;

I know death is our doom,—'twas needless, slaves,  
To make a sham of justice. Are these walls  
Domes meet for Innocence to raise her voice in ?  
Oh ! had you longed for justice, the bright sky,  
The sun, which now is gladdening the old world,  
Had suited best our trial !

ULRIC.

What ! threaten Albion's prince !

ROLAND.

Ulric, we live in times when there are men  
Who fearless scan the universe, and dare  
To weigh kings in the balance, and proclaim  
That they are wanting.

ULRIC.

Art not afraid of death ?

ROLAND.

Old man, the cup is bitter, fill it up,  
I'll quaff it all ; though young, I've learned to die !  
The lesson is an old one.

ULRIC.

Then, Judge, perform thy office.

ROLAND.

What ! are there none of all my father's court,  
Who, in the days of fair prosperity,  
Drank of his wine-cup, broke his bread, and shared  
His salt in peace and splendour ? Are there none  
To know his son, despite a tyrant's frown ?  
Ah ! no,—those summer insects all are gone

With fortune on her wanderings.

JUDGE.

Prepare to meet your fate !

ROLAND.

What heartless reptiles crawl around a throne !

There be some faces in this servile crowd

Whom I have seen not many years ago,

Put on their freshest smiles when we pass'd by ;

Urelia, look around thee, thou wilt see

Things whom earth's tribes in madness arm with power,

That the frail puppets in their wantonness

May tramp them down by millions ;—let it pass.

But I am wandering ;—when upon the cliff

That beetles o'er the latest wave of time,

Our minds oft take a wild and shadowy range,

And for a moment lose themselves.

ULRIC.

We trifle time—call up the headsman !

*Enter the HEADSMAN.*

URELIA.

Ah ! see.

ROLAND.

Let us be firm, Urelia !

JUDGE.

Behold !

ROLAND.

Ulric !



ULRIC.

Ha !

ROLAND.

Look through yon lattice to the front of heaven ;  
Thou art not brave or mad enough to be  
An atheist !

ULRIC.

Well !

ROLAND.

A God is looking from yon rolling cloud ;  
He saw thee murder, and he wrote it down ;  
The eternal signet of the Highest lowers  
Above to damn thee !

JUDGE.

Part them.

URELIA.

My husband !

ROLAND.

Never,—we die together !

ULRIC.

Are all the guards without ?

ATTENDANT.

An extra band, your highness, is in waiting.

ULRIC.

'Tis well.

ROLAND.

Oh ! by the voice of nature, if she yet  
Holds converse with your spirit, look on her,

Think ere you shed such precious blood ; the crime  
Worse than the earliest murder ; could you see  
Those breathing features, softly eloquent,  
Sweet as the richest ever chiseled in  
The brightest moments of the ancient world,  
Doomed to the grave,—look on her !

ULRIC.

Away with them !

ROLAND.

I do not wish to live,—but let this flower  
Not perish in the tempest of thy wrath !  
The vulture, and the fiercest brutes that range  
The desert, love their brood, and gaze on them  
With savage fondness ; be not thou more stern,—  
She saved thee from my dagger, she bent o'er  
Thy couch, and bared her bosom for the blow,  
Sooner than see thee bleed.

ULRIC.

Prepare to die !

ROLAND.

Her locks are thine, though longer,—and her brow  
Has thy high bearing,—yea, the very blue  
Of her young eye is like unto thine own !  
The hand of nature, to condemn thee, hath  
Chiseled her form with something of thy mould ;  
But though the raven has a coat as soft  
As the meek dove it preys on, yet its heart  
Is savage, cold, and bent on deeds of blood,

And so art thou ; thy smiling face conceals,  
Like the volcano, in its robe of flowers,  
A soul as black and poisonous as hell !

URELIA.

Had we but fallen when the lightning cut  
The glacier from its mountain, rolling down  
The gathered winter of eternity,  
Over our startled vale, I had been happy !

ROLAND.

In the old stories of the Roman, when  
Man knelt to honour, more than nature's shrine,  
We hear of one who doomed his guilty sons,  
But they were traitors ; think, Oh Ulric, think !  
Think, 'tis a dying man that tells thee now,  
And men at death are said to prophesy,  
Thou standest on life's threshold.

JUDGE.

Guards, lead them out, and see the execution  
Done where the public eye descries you not.

ROLAND.

My eyes are dizzy,—yet they still behold  
Through yon dim lattice, the far floating blue  
Which girdles the bright sky of Caledon !  
That sleeps upon her mountains, like a veil  
On the calm brow of beauty. Fare ye well !  
My latest dream, my own, my father's land !  
How beautiful the far clouds swim above  
The skiey summits of thy hills,—and near

The black pines wave upon the Grampians !  
The eagle there is sporting in the sun,  
Riding unscared upon his mighty wings ;  
Bird of the tempest ! higher yet, and tell  
That earth has something free !

ULRIC.

Why are they not removed ?

ROLAND.

Some moments to address our God, and then  
Let the axe fall on that which should be severed ;  
Strong be the arm, and deep the gash, that life  
Need not a second to divide its thread,  
And keep the spirit struggling in the bonds  
Which she would fling off quickly.

URELIA.

Ah ! Roland.

ROLAND.

Hush thee, my dove, they've used us harshly,—but  
Let's not unman ourselves. *(The bells toll.)*

URELIA.

That sound !

ROLAND.

Let them toll on,—another wail ere long  
Will startle Albion !

JUDGE.

Bind the prisoners.

ROLAND.

I ask but one boon of you,—ye have guards ;

What could this weak arm do against a thousand ?  
If you but knew my woes, ye would not fear me ;  
I wish not added to my weary life  
One little moment.

ULRIC.

Thy moments will be few.

ROLAND.

Ha ! dost thou leer upon me, thou arch fiend ;  
Here, in the Eternal's hearing, I bequeath  
Thee and thy seed, my power,—but with it, all  
The sorrows, fears, and miseries of state,  
The hollow friendship, and the flattery  
That runs like poison round the purple board  
Of monarchs and their slaves,—and take my crown,  
The throne, the sceptre, for whose bitter joys  
Thou hast for ever pawned thy hopes of heaven,—  
Thou vain ambitious traitor ! take them, ay,  
My sovereignty, with all its cares,  
Its sleepless nights, its fearful visions, and  
Its dull and tasteless days of tyranny,  
Take the fierce hate, the hate of the oppressed,  
Take all the terrors which despair and fear  
Blow round a traitor's spirit, take them with  
My last and dying curse,—false renegade !  
By earth, and earth's, her sorrows, and her pains,  
Her groans, her sufferings, and her blasphemies,  
Her wars, her famines, and her pestilence,  
Her graves, her hollow epitaphs and worms,

Her dead and living horrors, by deep hell,  
And all the furies in its lowest gulphs,  
Its darkness and despair, its miseries,  
Its writhing victims, and its awful king  
Who battled with the Infinite, and bore  
His charge of levelled thunder, by the curse,  
The deep and deathless ban of the Most High,  
I here devote thee to a felon's doom!

ULRIC.

Guards, seize and lead them to immediate death!

ROLAND.

Oh! for the Hebrew's strength, whose strong arms tore,  
Like withered weeds, the marble shafts, and brought  
Down on the heads of Dagon's worshippers,  
The mountain ruins of their sacred pile!

*(The GUARDS prepare to bind him.)*

Then death must have more victims,—ha! beset,—  
Off, off, base slaves, and let a freeman die  
As he has lived, unfettered, and himself!  
Off, off, I say, and give my spirit room,—  
Despair is stronger than a thousand swords;  
And, lonely as I am, I thus assault  
Your mightiest, and before the living God,  
Smite, hurl him to perdition!—ha! ha! ha!  
This is the way a broken heart should strike!  
This is the way to render wrong for wrong!  
Now is the prey within the tiger's fangs,  
And who shall tear the gory carcass from him?

He crushed this burning heart, and, fiendlike, trampled  
Upon my wounded soul as on a worm,  
Now has it turned and stung him ;—gracious Heaven!  
My debt is payed, my reckoning is summed up.  
I've given him blow for blow, and gash for gash,  
And now our odds are even !

*(During this speech, ROLAND breaks from the  
GUARDS, springs upon ULRIC and strangles  
him, exclaiming)*

And thus, and thus, dead, dead,—slaves, you're too late !  
These honest weapons of a freeman's hand  
Have outbraved all your mercenary swords ;  
I laugh to scorn your racks, your wheels, your screws,  
Your hollow troughs, and heated furnaces,—  
This is the glorious hour of retribution !  
Vampires, away ! dare not to step betwixt  
This quivering dust and me,—I keep my grasp  
Till his dark spirit has arrived in hell !  
Thus, firmer still I clench his blackened throat,  
Thus, thus, in every nail-print, my wronged soul  
Echoes out vengeance,—ha ! this glorious grapple !  
Now the lips move not, and the glassy eyes  
Are green, and fixed like globes of frozen marble !  
Dead, ay ! now the ashes speak not, ye may come  
And flatter if ye wist, and bend the knee,  
But death has dashed the coronet from his brow,  
And plucked the pilfered sceptre from the hand  
That cannot pay you for your cringing fits ;

No ! the last thunder of the judgment trump  
Will only break his slumbers !—he is dead—  
Behold how soon an honest blow can make  
A despot nothing ; this is he who once  
Was worshipped as a god ; behold him now,  
Cold, cold, and ghastly, thus we all shall meet,—  
But where ?—no matter,—I shall quickly know.  
Thus, thus, I make myself companion now  
To all the mighty millions who have filled  
Eternity !      (*Stabs himself with ULRIC's dagger.*)

URELIA.

Oh ! Heaven have mercy.      (*Faints, and is borne out.*)

ROLAND.

The world is reeling, and my sickening soul  
Aches for an hour of slumber ; it will come—  
The mist, the ice is curdling round my heart !  
Where is Urelia ? oh, 'twas cruel, guards,  
To tear her from me at my latest hour ;  
I cannot mark her face, mine eyes are dim ;—  
Give me thy hand, my love,—they fail, they fail,  
All things are melting into shadow,—now,  
And they depart for ever !—Ah, my bride !  
Fortune has used us roughly, fare thee well !  
Our long, our sunless day of sorrow ends,  
And death at last is nothing ; earth and earth's,  
All, all have vanished ;—Oh ! the night is cold,  
Dark, dark, without a breaking !      (*Dies.*)

END OF THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION.



# POEMS.

---

DEDICATED TO  
MATTHEW COCHRAN, Esq.,  
BY HIS  
*Sincere Friend,*  
THE AUTHOR.

## TUBAL CAIN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SWORD.

START, glorious falchion, from thy sheath !

I give thee to mankind,

The fellest instrument that death

E'er fashioned to his mind ;

Keen as that lightning one, which drove

The rebel legions from above.

Type of the hope-dividing brand !

Eden, which flashed in thee,

When the archangel took his stand

To guard life's fatal tree ;

Go, fell destroyer, through the earth,

And desolate each happy hearth !

Though nature felt the serpent's sting,

Yet death kept darkly in the gloom,

He durst not wave his dragon wing

Above her morning bloom ;

But now I've put in his cold hand

A sceptre that will keep command.

What though ten thousand sickles heap

Earth with her yearly vintage brown,

Thou sword! above them all shalt reap  
The noblest harvest down;  
The grain that meets thy fiery wave  
Shall be the fearless and the brave.

Men murder oft in childish freak—  
The lion rules amid his race,  
The viper poisons, and the beak  
Of vulture governs space;  
But thou shalt be a tooth sublime,  
The sharpest in the jaws of time.

The fruit, which our old father plucked  
In Eden's ever-blooming bowers,  
Which from the tree of knowledge sucked  
Its poison and its powers,  
Was not more withering to our mould  
Than thou shalt be ere earth is old.

Despair shall claim thee as a staff  
On which to rest his blazing brain;  
And honour with his heart of chaff  
Shall court thee not in vain;  
A thousand fools, ten million knaves  
Shall worship thee, best charm for slaves!

As yet, man scarcely feels the gripe  
Of death, though plunged in guilt and sin;

The harvest now seems more than ripe,  
And I have put his sickle in ;  
And thou shalt reap it well, my brand,  
When wielded by a master hand.

Even time has held his beam of dread  
Where human life is weighed with wails,  
As if he feared to cut the thread  
That runs for ever in his scales ;  
Till man with all his pain and fear  
Outlives the lifetime of a sphere.

But I have made the wizard now  
A mightier sceptre—with its edge  
He'll yearly make the million bow,  
And shorten their long pilgrimage ;  
Then to the earth, my leveller, thou  
Shalt well fulfil Jehovah's vow !

## STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ———.

I SAW her young and gentle form  
Like floweret opening to the view,  
Ere cold misfortune's bitter storm  
Across its foliage blew !  
The hope, the praise of every tongue,  
She bloomed, she loved, she perished young ;  
Yet by our side she grew  
A spirit with no cloud to shade her,  
Pure like the living God who made her !

Ah me ! I mind when last we met ;  
'Twas in the gay and crowded ball,  
She, with her eyes, and locks of jet,  
Looked lovelier than them all ;  
But, oh ! the canker and the grief  
Which from love's blossom nips the leaf,  
Turning life's tide to gall,  
Came round her, and her spirit passed,  
A sunset glorious to the last !

The flowers had on their summer dress  
When beauty bless'd thy brow ;

They have not lost their loveliness,  
But where, alas! art thou?  
The grave-yard answers,—'tis the fate  
Of all things fair and delicate,  
Beneath the blast to bow.  
The gentle and the loveliest first  
Fall prostrate, when the tempests burst.

And thou hast withered in thy prime,  
Faded, for ever gone!  
While poverty, old age, and crime,  
And worms are crawling on;  
'Tis strange the beautiful should die,  
While hoary-headed misery  
A century maketh moan;  
Yet, 'tis the doom of all things gay,—  
Weeds live an age, and flowers a day.

And yet, perchance, 'tis better far  
To see thee lying low,  
Than watch thy bright exulting star  
Wane in this world of woe;  
For oh! the eyes which used to look  
Upon thy glories, ill could brook,  
And mark their overthrow;  
Yet thy pure soul shall live on high,  
When worlds are ashes, in the sky!

## CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

ENGLAND is on the field,  
    With clarion and with drum,  
And rushing forth with spear and shield  
    Fair Scotland's heroes come ;  
On, like the deep sea waves,  
    The stately squadrons bear ;  
Their mountains never fostered slaves,  
    And they will prove it here.

A king leads forth his power,  
    The nobles of the clime ;  
The deeds of this tremendous hour  
    Upon the chart of time  
Will leave a living mark,  
    Whose lustre will not flit ;  
When states and thrones are in the dark,  
    Millions will hallow it.

The desperate die is cast,  
    And freedom's spirit must  
Upon this red moor breathe her last,  
    Or tramp a crown to dust ;  
Against the great of earth,  
    The peasants of the plains

Are met, to show if at their birth  
God said, toll on in chains.

Yes, brothers of one land  
Against each other rush ;  
And who leads on the splendid band  
Of freedom's thousands ?—hush !  
See'st thou yon fiery roan !  
Mark'st thou yon blade of fire !  
See'st thou yon red plume dashing on,  
Where charging hosts expire !

That is the master mind  
Who rules the storm at will,—  
The stern magician, who can bind  
And bid its waves be still ;  
Majestic and alone  
The godlike rebel stands,  
His foot upon an empire's throne,  
Its sceptre in his hands.

And mark his bloodless lips,  
They tell a fearful rite,—  
Like death in the apocalypse,—  
His charger sweeps the fight ;  
His sheathless brand is high  
Amid the crimson tide ;  
Ere long, and royal blood will dye  
That levelling arm of pride.



Fate holds aloft her beam ;  
Amid the gory shower  
A king floats trembling in the stream  
Of one short ghastly hour ;  
But he, wild fortune's lord,  
Full soon the truth reveals,  
In her dark scales he flings his sword,  
A monarch's history seals.

Yes, tales for kings to read,  
By that fierce one are wrote,  
More than the field of Runnamede,  
Which ne'er will be forgot.  
They say when the despotic few  
Start freemen to the shock,  
A peasant's arm is fit to hew  
The throne down to the block.

## FROST.—A DREAM.

THE summer air grew thin  
And cold as that which used to wrap the crests  
Of Teneriffe or Andes, and within  
The rock-ribs of their adamantine nests  
Died the old vultures with their savage kin ;  
The elements were ice, the very winds  
Were churned to frost work, and they lifeless hung  
Upon the high and undissolving rhinds  
Of the dead clouds, where echo had no tongue.  
The sky was marble ; and those fearful words,  
Silence and Death, were dark and deeply writ  
On its eternal forehead, and the birds,  
The cleavers of the hurricane, were hit—  
Frozen in a moment ; and the mighty child,  
The thunder-travelling eagle, as he rode  
Far o'er the peaks of his familiar wild,  
Fell to the earth, as stiffened as the clod.  
O'er all the spacious universe was seen  
The fearful language of the living God  
Printed in wrath ; and in the midnight green  
Of the old stately forests—the abode  
Of peace and liberty—a million wings,  
Unknown to man, drooped at the awful nod  
Of horrid winter, mute and moveless things ;

The sandy wastes, on which had flamed the sun  
Ten thousand years, were now a world of ice ;  
And the great lion, freedom's chosen one,  
Was struck into a statue ; and his voice  
A moment through the desolation whined,  
Then ceased to stir the petrifying air ;  
The eye of bright Creation had grown blind,  
And no round moon broke on the doleful lair  
Of hideous ruin, but the lifeless earth  
Whirled through dead space, one blue and solid heap  
Whereon was heard no sound, no tone of mirth,  
But universal solitude and sleep.

And 'mid the congregated tribes of man,  
Where life's fair millions thronged the noble street,  
And talked of joy, the spectre gaunt and wan  
Came 'midst them, like an earthquake, and the beat  
Of kindred hearts grew chill ; their currents ran  
Less bounding and less warm ; the thrill, the heat  
Of the kind soul was ebbing ; soon they saw  
The glorious sun forsake his golden seat,  
And frenzied nature break her every law ;  
Then came the cold wind, and the biting sleet,  
Which thickened as it fell, and colder blew  
The frost tornado from the rocky spires ;  
Until the warmest lakes and rivers grew  
One mass of granite ; and around huge fires  
Made from old palace-piles, and forests vast,

Earth's millions gathered, and each mountain's head  
Which had a beard of pine was lit ; and fast  
A thousand great volcanos swelled the blast  
With their red glory, while the quick and dead  
Were heaped beside the embers, beasts of prey  
Crawled in, by the expiring lustre led,  
The savage wolf and tiger shivering, lay  
Before the smoking ashes, and they fed  
On nothing, though the dying and the dead  
Lay round and round, a tempting rich repast !  
Oh ! every soul was filled with horrid dread  
As, by the fagots, thousands drooped and died,  
From the lean beggar on his tattered bed,  
To the great monarch 'mid his gilded pride  
Who stiffened 'mid his minions, and was seen  
With the cold diadem upon his head,  
One lump of canker'd ice and ghastly green ;  
The bride fell by the shrine ; and lovers wed,  
Died in each other's arms ; while children clung  
Around their parents' knees, till life had fled  
Each little pulse, and icy ruin sung,  
Alone, their death-dirge ; promise had no tongue  
To whisper hope to-morrow ; all was past !  
The loves, the joys, the sorrows, and the tears,  
The griefs, the pleasures of creation vast,  
The pangs, the pains, the agonies, the fears,  
Yea, life had sighed the keenest and the last  
Of her wild throbs ; and in the heavy haze

Which palled a universe whose doom was cast ;  
Death smote the sun, and quench'd its lingering blaze.

Down on a sumptuous feast, the havoc broke,  
And cheerful faces lost their laughing mood,  
The loveliest fell the first before the stroke,  
The crimson wine cups all untasted stood ;  
And happy spirits were at once subdued ;  
Darkness descended on them, like a blight,  
And the high halls in utter solitude  
Gleamed to the blue and rolling stars of night,  
And round the board were faces ghastly white ;  
A thousand corpses, but the magic spell  
Of young delicious looks had vanished quite,  
And speaking gleams of love no longer fell  
On happy brows,—it seemed a frozen hell !  
Hushed was the singer's tone, the harper's voice,  
Closed were the virgin's eyes, or faint their shine,  
Each one a ball of blue and solid ice,  
Leered out in horrid mockery at the wine  
That stood a frost cake in each jewelled cup,  
While the expiring lamp's unheeded ray  
Broke cold and ghastly round each frozen lip,  
Where mirth, by winter chain'd, seemed still to play ;  
Chiseled in adamant, each statue looked  
With stony glare upon each other's brow,  
The ice-bound slave in ghastly coldness brook'd  
The flinty terrors of his master now.

Winter and death, and darkness, and the sun  
Went down, a shadow, o'er the frozen sea,  
A spectre of the past, whose race was run—  
A perished phantom of eternity !  
Nature was dead, and the almighty three—  
Time, Death, and Silence, sat upon a throne  
Of undecaying frost ; and in wild glee  
Stretch'd their lank fingers ever and anon  
Over a universe ; where Deity  
No longer breathed forth hope ;—the vasty deep  
Was one eternal globe of moveless ice,  
Struck to its centre in a horrid sleep ;  
A glassy universe without one voice—  
A frozen chaos without fin to leap,  
Or snout to snore through the tremendous dark,  
Amid whose chilly mountains the gray shark  
Was glued to marble, and the gallant sail,  
A thousand leagues from land, was crushed between  
The steadfast ridges, while the enormous whale,  
A petrification, glittered through the green  
Glass of the moveless waters, and the frail  
Wrecks of ten million million dead were seen  
Arrested in the once mad whirling spray,  
Which death had checked for ever,—all was past ;  
The gush, the thrill, the music, and the play  
Of the light-hearted winds,—and Ruin cast  
His pall around the world !

## MARGARET.

A SUMMER sunset ; night had shut the lid  
Of glorious even,  
And the dark mountains looked as they had slid  
Far into heaven ;  
The stars were out ; and o'er the long gray sea  
The pale moon walking ;  
A thousand gentle winds from tree to tree  
Were sweetly talking ;  
The wanton starts of ocean were subdued,  
While calm and lonely  
Earth seemed to us like one fair solitude  
Made for love only !  
And she, the young beam of my soul, was nigh  
With charms unshrouded,  
Looking, as looks the first star in the sky  
Rising unclouded !  
Upon my breast, in night's delicious noon,  
With fond emotion  
She hung, as gently hangs the summer moon  
O'er dusky ocean,  
All love and innocence,—the earth to her  
Seemed zoned in brightness,  
Her trusting spirit then had nought to stir  
Its fairy lightness.

---





## CAIN FLYING TO THE DESERT,

AFTER BEING ABANDONED BY HIS KINDRED.

BOWERS of my father, fare ye well !

I loathe your shade of flowers,  
Death lurks among ye like a spell  
That dims my brightest hours ;  
Methinks the Eternal's voice I hear,  
Still rolls his thunder in mine ear,

Which drove me forth to roam  
A demon marked and desolate,  
A thing to suffer mankind's hate,  
And find no human home.

Like a wild river, I will keep

In solitude my path,  
Till I am lost amid the deep

Black majesty of death ;  
I scorn to mingle with my race,  
The desert is my dwelling place,  
The mountain cliff's my bed,  
Where I will lie, and laugh at heaven  
When its red bolts are fiercely driven  
O'er this devoted head.

Hail ! ye far sandy waves, that leave  
No record of the past,  
Who in your panting glory heave  
Beneath the simoom's blast !  
Ye are at least a fit abode  
To him the outcast from his God,  
And if I there should spill  
Blood, your wild deeps will drink it,—ay,  
It will not reek to the Most High  
Against this bosom still.

Eden, I leave thee far behind,  
Bowers of my early day !

*(A vulture passes him on its way to the desert.)*

Ha ! rider of the poison wind,  
Go'st thou upon my way ?  
Thou'rt welcome, lone and lordly one !  
We'll part not ;—when the day is done  
Thou'lt share with me the prey,—  
Thou'rt all that deigns to come with me !  
Anon—I'll spread a feast for thee,—  
The slayer yet can slay.

Vulture, hold on thy gallant path,  
With storm-defying wing !  
Like me thou art a sign of death  
To every meaner thing ;  
Away upon thy thundery track,

Thou seem'st like me to turn thy back  
On Eden's golden sky !  
Yes,—what have we to do with love ?  
The rock, the whirlwind is our grove,  
There we can fight or die !

*(A viper hisses across his path.)*

The serpent too,—and is my lot  
Cast with thy fatal brood ?  
Wilt thou frequent the only spot  
Left me in solitude ?  
Thou hissing demon, welcome then,  
For thou hast stung the first of men ;  
Perchance thou art the fiend  
Who smote their life-tree through and through ;  
Welcome, proud worm ! I've smote it too,  
We're brothers to the end.

All hail ! ye sternest of our kind,  
Foes to usurping man ;  
Our deeds, our sufferings will bind  
Our kindred souls in one.  
I hate the sunbeam—let its barb  
Pain gentler eyes—your blackest garb,  
Dark midnight, spread for me !  
I wither till my spirit springs  
And revels 'neath the thunder wings  
Of your eternity.

## THE WORLD.

God made thee, mighty sphere !

An orb of light ; but ere one hourlit's span,  
The earliest dew that wet thee was the tear,  
Dropp'd down by pity for the fall of man,—  
And Abel's blood, which o'er thy flowerets ran !

God formed thee, world, in love ;

But ere a few suns set upon the sea,  
The vulture chased away the brooding dove,  
And sat exulting on life's quivering tree,  
And Ruin said, "this world was made for me."

God fashioned thee in joy,

And bless'd thee with the music of his word ;  
But ere one little season wandered by,  
The fatal share that ploughed thee was the sword,  
And Death sat grinning on a slaughtered horde !

Earth ! perished is thy bloom,

And thou art crazy with the weight of age ;  
Time sits on glory's old neglected tomb,  
Closing the last leaf of his pilgrimage,  
Blotted and soiled throughout with havoc's rage !

Virtue has now grown old,  
And walks a dotard through thy frozen vales ;  
Even love, that fire from Heaven, is bought and sold,  
While guilt, unmindful of pale pity's wails,  
Has blinded justice's eyes, and broke her scales !

What though the might of mind  
Made all things subject to its magic sway ;  
Yet could its laurels or its triumphs bind  
One wound which canker'd in our frame of clay ?  
Ah ! no, the human heart has sigh'd and pin'd for aye.

Columns have kiss'd the skies,  
And poets sung of glory till grown sear ;  
Yet every trophy has been gained with sighs,  
Though glittering to the conqueror of a sphere,  
They've been the shrine of many a burning tear !

The crown the monarch wears,  
The battle-field, though trumpeted abroad,  
Is but the altar, where a thousand prayers,  
The spirit's bitter pangs, are sent to God !  
Oh when, Jehovah ! wilt thou spare thy rod ?

## SONG.

I SAW thee on thy bridal night  
Move gloriously along,  
With all thy handmaids young and bright,  
Amid the gush of song.  
My youthful spirit inward wept,  
Though tears were chok'd by pride ;  
If early tokens had been kept,  
Still hadst thou been my bride.

Farewell !—may thy life's cloudless hour  
Go sparkling to its noon ;  
And may love's living passion-flower  
Be always in its June !  
May life wear down with calm decline ;  
And when its cares are past,  
Oh may it like a sunset shine  
The brightest at its last.

## SILENCE.

And there was silence in heaven.—REVELATION.

SPIRIT, thou art eternal ! thou hast reigned  
O'er the wide universe, ere God had shaped  
The sun to light the dark,—and thou art doomed  
To shroud again in thy almighty pall  
The ashes of creation.

A dead, a measureless expanse  
Where pinion never flew,—  
A universe of death, where glance  
Of star ne'er wandered through,—  
A nothingness, from motion free,—  
An echoless eternity,  
Dim, limitless and vast !  
A vacancy without a bound,  
Where whisper, shadow, change, nor sound  
Of being never passed.

Such, Silence, was thy dwelling-place  
Before the earliest star  
Boomed through the amplitude of space  
On its almighty car ;

Jehovah's word was heard,—and light  
Flash'd on the swarthy brow of night ;  
    A million systems shot  
The boundless wilderness along ;  
Ten million seraphs raised their song,  
    Then, Silence ! thou wert not.

A change has swept the world,—the brow  
    Of nature droops with age ;  
And mankind's warring myriads, now  
    Have ran their pilgrimage !  
Earth staggers 'neath destruction's foot,  
Her old and honoured marts are mute ;  
    Her seas without a bark,  
And man, from his dull vale of tears,  
After ten thousand bitter years,  
    Has passed into the dark.

The palaces where pride had birth,  
    The shrines renown'd in song,—  
Thrones of the masters of the earth,  
    Where tyranny was strong ;  
The temples, pyramids, and towers,  
The giant work of earth's young hours,  
    Still rise in awful state,  
An ocean of neglected homes,  
Ten million million gorgeous domes ;  
    But all are desolate.



The skies are tenantless,—no sound,—  
No moon,—no starry crouds,  
But the dead system rolling round  
Within its robe of clouds ;  
The storms have perished,—and the breeze  
Lies withered on the moveless seas ;  
The sun has passed from sight,  
Like the last phantom of a world  
Whose soul is struck by death, and hurl'd  
To everlasting night.

Gray time, amid the fearful mass,  
Lies rotting on the strand,  
His scythe is broken, and his glass  
Drained of its latest sand ;  
Creation slumbers till her God  
Wakes mankind from their drear abode ;  
As yet the trumpet's call  
Is mute, and over earth and main  
Once more, oh Silence ! is thy reign  
Thy mightiest hour of all.

## TO THE NILE.

**MYSTERIOUS flood ! thou greatest the view,  
Majestic and sublime,  
Like life's broad river, rolling through  
The wilderness of time ;  
Enlivening all, and shaking mirth  
With thy glad music o'er the earth.**

**Methinks I see thee leaping forth  
Far 'neath the southern ray,  
While round the cradle of thy birth  
The pard and lion play ;  
Hailing thy fountains gushing out,  
The children of the desert shout !**

**Thou wert a marvel ! and the wise  
Wandered from many a clime  
To bliss thee with a sacrifice,  
Thou eldest born of time ;  
Thy echo was the first that shook  
Arts through creation's farthest nook.**

**Yes, earth's old wonders towered along  
In glory by thy side,**

The earliest poet sung his song,  
And love's first votary sigh'd ;  
And science, with her eagle eye,  
Waved her pure torchlight through the sky !

Time, from his old and murky nook,  
Proud tide, may give thee thanks,  
The brightest pictures in his book  
Were painted on thy banks !  
Ay, mind has made thee, hallowed stream,  
The grandest flash of fancy's dream.

The bard, the conqueror, that band,  
Whose bays are ever fair,  
Made thee, bright clime, a chosen land  
For pilgrimage and prayer ;  
A soil of glory and of mirth,  
The very spirit of the earth !

Where be the hosts that filled thy vale ?  
The tyrants and their slaves ;  
What ! have they gone and left no tale ?  
No ;—ponder, there are graves,  
Each worm has quaff'd life's bitter cup,  
And death will give no secrets up.

Yet though life's veins no longer beat,  
Old nature still is grand ;

Afric's great sun yet flings his heat  
Down on a world of sand !  
Whose waves spread out like ocean's own,  
Heave as if stretched from zone to zone.

While here and there, like far off isles,  
Some solitary palm,  
Amid the desolation smiles,  
Filling the waste with balm ;  
Like hope's last faint and feverish breath,  
Heard in a universe of death.

The fiery sky, which nothing blots,  
Where no lone speck is driven,  
Save when some hoary vulture floats  
Betwixt the sand and heaven !  
The robber horde, the Arab clan,  
The white bones of the caravan.

The living spring, whose tongue stroke rends  
The sand rock in its play,  
O'er which the panting ostrich bends  
When wearied on her way ;  
And the lank wolf, with savage bark,  
Licks up in joy its diamond spark.

The tawny lion's awful roar,  
That shakes the waste with dread,

The green snake coiled, or crawling o'er  
The ashes of the dead,  
The scorpion's hiss, the crocodile  
Snoring amid the mud of Nile.

Such, Egypt, are thy features still ;  
But where, alas ! are they  
Who made thee bright and beautiful  
In the forgotten day ?  
Look to the dust, the stream, the air,  
Their doom is writ, their tale is there.

The obelisk, the pillar stands  
Still proudly in the sky ;  
Strong, as when first the builders' hands  
Piled the vast blocks on high !  
But neither priest nor votaries now  
Around the sacred masses bow.

Yet, glorious river ! thou wilt roll  
For aye a wonderment,  
Till time at nature's parting goal  
With thy own floods be spent !  
A talisman on human hearts,  
Thou earliest cradle of the arts.

## CAM.

THE wanderer stood, and Teneriffe arose  
A speck beneath his feet, the whirling wave  
Had swathed it to its latest pinnacle ;  
Cam, o'er the shoreless ocean, stood alone,  
Silent and statue-like ! his lion's hide  
Roused with his shaggy locks, and streaming large  
Upon the mighty tempest ; and his hands,  
His swart and giant arms in madness flung  
Out to the jagged lightning, as it swept  
The ice-wreaths from the reeling cliffs, and dashed  
Their snow of ages downwards to the sea !  
Beside him, on his latest bourne of life,  
An old and famished vulture, now borne down  
With age, and the fierce rain that roaring lashed  
The ocean to a foam-smoke, cowering, moaned  
Low dull and piteous ; and a lion lay  
Shivering amidst the sleet, and with its jaws  
And heavy eyeballs making hideous wail  
To the unsparing heaven that fiercely poured  
Its torrents down upon the staggering world !  
Cam and that pair were all that stood on earth ;  
The lion with his melancholy moan,  
Low howling to the dark ; and that old bird  
With beak deep buried in his bushy coat,

And only shrieking at short intervals,  
When the sea lipp'd their pedestal, and made  
The dreadful trio shift their awful stand.  
'Twas evening ;—though no sunset bless'd the earth,  
But a gray lifeless twilight, one wild whirl  
Of sea and shower, that churned the elements  
To one tremendous chaos ; through the dim  
And life-deserted wilderness, the eyes  
Of the devoted three were flashing far  
Over a landless ocean,—lo ! a form,  
Lonely and cloud-like, broke upon the gray  
Wild colourless abyss, the sleet and rain,  
And the big waves in their tremendous strength,  
Are charging that lone wanderer, but in vain ;  
Their black battalions smite her gallant prow,  
She comes full rolling on towards the peak  
Where life's last specks are gathered ; what a sight  
Of voiceless desolation ! nothing seen  
O'er all the spacious universe but death,  
And those three shadows shivering on the last  
Uncovered rock, and that tremendous ship,  
Her shadow like the darkness of a storm,  
Ploughing the monstrous sea with none to guide  
Her awful pathway ! Yes, Jehovah looks  
Down through the black pavilion of the clouds,  
And leads that mighty pilgrim o'er the deep ;  
Waves with the glance of his almighty hand  
The levelling lightning backward from her side,

And bids the thunder, in his middle charge,  
Pause, till the lonely one has drifted by.  
The ark is nearing now that fearful isle  
Where stood the shivering ghosts ; that famish'd bird  
Saw the dim one approach, and roused herself,  
Shriek'd forth a yell of joy, and with broad wings  
Rose for a moment o'er the crag, and bore  
Straight onward for that stranger ;—but, alas !  
The tempest had o'er-mastered him, and prone  
The renegado fell into the waves,  
Never to flutter more ! The lion shook  
His heavy mane, and Cam, the giant, stood  
Stately and terrible amid the storm,  
His bloodless lip compressed, his hands on high,  
Like Genius of the blast, or swarthy fiend  
Rejoicing o'er the ruins of a world.  
Long gazed he on the ark ; that wanderer pass'd,  
Borne like a flying cloud before the wind,  
And but a moment visible, her track  
Swallowed for ever in the roaring flood ;  
The lonely one beheld the phantom pass,  
And flinging from his wild unshrinking eye  
One glance of hatred after her, he cursed  
That favoured one of Heaven ! then turning round  
Where moaned his tawny mate, he stooped and kissed  
The dying monarch of the wilderness,  
Who oped his bloodless fangs, and trembling licked  
The skeleton hand held outward to his touch,



Pressing his huge head, and his heavy mane,  
With savage fondness, 'gainst the awful form  
Dark towering by his side, and ere they died  
Cam sung their last departure.

King of the desert ! let us scorn  
Yon heaven-conducted bark,  
Which, like hope's parting-star, is borne  
Away into the dark.  
Yes, let it drift across the sea,  
Such cells are not for thee nor me !  
Whose eyes were taught to mark  
The sun upon our mountain throne,  
When liberty was all our own.

Yes, let it bear across the waves  
Hearts only made to sigh,  
And fill another world with graves,  
Where they will weep and die ;  
Though we are doom'd to perish here,  
We're children of a glorious sphere !  
An orb, whose life is by,  
Our loves are gone, our friendship's dead,  
And now the ocean is our bed.

Then, welcome, noble creature ! we  
Are of life's host the last,  
As we have lived, we'll perish free,  
Unconquered as the blast

That now swathes round with fiery hand  
The latest peak on which we stand ;  
And will we look aghast?  
No!—let the thunder crack the sky,  
We've ruled, we've triumphed ;—we can die!

Then let the sulphury clouds roll on,  
The cutting lightning blaze,  
While nature gives her parting groan,  
We'll neither shrink nor praise ;  
Thou, as thou oft hast struck the deer,  
Within thine own dominions drear,  
In young and happier days,  
And I, as on the battle-field,  
Will triumph, though creation yield.

Chief of the forest! let me cling  
To thee in life's last hour ;  
Mindst thou the time, when thou wert king  
Of solitude and bower?  
When the gaunt tiger, and the pard,  
The fiercest of their roving herd,  
Knelt down before thy power ;  
When the red desert's farthest shore  
Saw but thy form, and heard thy roar!

Yes! thou must mind thy morning's reign,  
I too remember mine,

When o'er the cities of the plain  
    Floated my banner's sign;  
When Noah and his shrinking band  
Sought shelter in the stranger's land;  
    My glory was like thine,  
Above each despot's threat and thrall,  
The worshipp'd, and the fear'd of all.

Old conqueror, those hours are fled,  
    And we alone must die,  
But not till earth's last slave is dead,  
    And cloven'd land and sky;  
Not till the thunder's latest roll  
Has shattered out creation's soul,  
    And all in ruins lie;  
Not till the universal close  
Of being, will we stoop to foes.

Then, then rejoice, my comrade, still  
    That we can look on death  
Calm, while a thousand systems thrill  
    Before the leveller's wrath!  
See how the mighty sky spins round,  
And the earth reels,—that horrid sound  
    Was time's expiring breath,  
The thunder shivers nature's heart,—  
Farewell! my brother, now we part.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

AND this is where the soldier lies,  
When all his toil and danger's past?  
Could not beneath his native skies  
A tomb be found at last?  
To hold the ashes of the dead,  
Who for his country's glory bled!

No! far away from that dear spot  
Where life first spent its hours of joy—  
Far from the long remembered cot  
That nursed him when a boy!  
The soldier sleeps death's dreary sleep,  
With none above his grave to weep.

The one that nursed him was not by  
To soothe him in that cheerless hour;  
No sister's gentle hand was nigh  
To check death's awful power;  
But friendless and alone, he drank  
The bitter parting-cup, and sank.

Ah ! little thought thy mother kind,  
When proudly, in her lone abode,  
She formed thy young and tender mind,  
And bade it turn to God !  
Ah ! little thought she death's cold hand  
Would meet thee on a stranger land.

There is one fond enthusiast still  
Who gazes o'er the long blue sea,  
One virgin, young and beautiful,  
Who nightly dreams of thee ;  
Hope leads her memory o'er the wave,  
But points not to thy lonely grave.

Oft did she walk, when in the sky  
The moon was standing fair and bright,  
When all the stars had hung on high  
Their watch-lamps in the night ;  
Oft did she breathe the tender vow  
To him who ne'er shall see her now.

He sleeps upon a foreign shore—  
He sleeps within an unknown grave ;  
His dirge, the prowling lion's roar,  
The vulture's hungry rave ;  
The desert dew-drops, nightly shed,  
Are all the tears that bathe his head.

Two lone and ancient palm trees play  
Above his dull and lowly sleep ;  
But there are none to scare away  
The tiger from that heap,  
Or chase the lazy snakes that pass  
Athwart the dry and blistering grass.

A parch'd and ever-burning shroud  
Now closely wraps his mouldering bones ;  
A fever'd sky, without a cloud,  
A copper waste, like bronze,  
Stretching as far as sight can scan,  
Spreads round that solitary man.

Amidst his long and toilsome way,  
The Indian warrior sometimes sees .  
That mansion of his nameless clay,  
Its wild weeds waving in the breeze ;  
He wonders who the dead may be,  
But none can tell the mystery.

## SONG.

### THE EVENING STAR.

THOU lookest like a thing of mirth,  
From out thy silvery cloud !  
Thou speakest of our boyhood's hearth,  
With all its happy crowd.  
And oh ! thou breathest of love's sighs,  
And all his magic art,  
When 'neath the dark majestic skies  
We mingled heart with heart.

Then kindle, in the dome of night,  
Calm solitary star,  
Thou gladd'st, upon his homeward flight,  
The mariner afar.  
Within the grated lattice bar  
In glory thou dost roll ;  
But ah ! thou canst not heal the scar  
Seared on the captive's soul.

## MAHOMET.

A storm hath swept through heaven ;  
A blast has shook the earth ;  
Mind's sleeping elements have risen  
Dark giants from their birth ;  
The sandy wastes seem stirred,  
Even to their farthest zone,  
Their swarthy multitudes have heard  
The hurricane roll on.

Yet, 'tis not earthquake's yawn,  
When towers are downward hurl'd ;  
'Tis not the sun's fair light withdrawn,  
That rouses now the world ;  
'Tis not the black simoom,  
Sweeping the dusty waves ;  
Nor the tornado's awful boom,  
Making ten thousand graves !

But 'tis a robber chief,  
An outcast that does darken  
Earth with a creed, to whose belief  
Ten million millions hearken ;



A wanderer of the sand  
Has claimed from God his charter ;  
With falchion in his red right hand,  
Earth's proudest thrones to barter.

Yes, he has left the wild  
Which in happier moments bore him ;  
Enthusiasm's awful child,  
To drive earth's kings before him !  
The conquerors of each land  
Have stamp'd their names diurnal !  
This peasant, with a mightier hand,  
Has writ down his eternal.

The eastern despots swayed  
Of earth the fairest portion,  
And Rome's proud *savage* Cæsars made  
Fair justice one abortion ;  
But he disdains to bind  
Thrones, though beneath him hurl'd,  
His conquest is the human mind,  
His citadel the world !

## THE AFRICAN LION.

ALONE, magnificent, alone

Thou walkst thy world of sand,  
A monarch—and around thy throne

No flatterer dares to stand !  
The thunder of thy awful tone  
Commands submission forth ;  
And thou dost wander 'midst thine own,  
The lordliest thing of earth.

Thine eye a flash of lightning sent  
Throughout the sultry air ;  
Thou growlst—the desert's peace is rent,  
And troubled with despair ;  
Thy mane thou shakest to the sky,  
Like a descending storm ;  
The fiercest of the waste must fly  
Before thy awful form !

'Tis eve ;—and, list ! the camel's bell,  
Behold the Arabs' van,  
Now round the solitary well  
Is stretch'd the caravan.

“The day has been a sickening day,  
And blistering was the sun ;  
Now let us sleep our toils away,  
Half of our travel 's done.”

Thus speak the pilgrims, as they lye  
Upon their couch of sand,  
And many a bright and dreaming eye  
Strasy o'er its father land !  
But, hark ! a yell is in the sky,  
A spring amidst their train,  
The camels snort, the chargers fly,  
Wild, trembling o'er the plain.

Yes, gaunt majestic one ! thou'rt now  
Within the sleepers' ring ;  
Alas ! alas, the bravest bow  
Beneath thy fatal spring ;  
And thy tremendous paw has crush'd  
The strongest to the ground ;  
Ah ! many a manly heart is hush'd,  
Ay, cloven in that bound.

Away,—again thou'rt in the wild,  
Where man has never been,  
And glutted, like a sportive child,  
Thou'rt rolling through the green

Thick foliage of each ancient wood,  
That crowns the pathless steep,  
Where horror, hush'd by solitude,  
Dreams out her ghastly sleep.

There's thunder in thy fierce delight,  
There's glory in thy bound ;  
Thy look has majesty and might,  
That awes the desert round ;  
Man has not chain'd thee to his will,  
Nor broke thy noble heart ;  
But mighty, free, and fearless, still  
The forest's king thou art !

## TO AN EARLY SPRING FLOWER.

SWEET star of the desert, in love thou dost fling  
The earliest spark on the mantle of spring ;  
In thy silence of beauty, and vestments of white,  
Thou look'st like an angel's tear dropp'd thro' the night  
Of tempest and darkness, to show that our cot,  
And our planet of weeping are still unforgot  
By that Being who, throned on Infinity, still  
Alike scatters systems and flowers at his will.

Wild beauty, I love thee ! in peace thou dost bring  
The first smiling blush of the beautiful spring ;  
That spirit which comes, though the winter be dark,  
As the dove came of old to the perishing ark,  
All living and warm from the luscious south,  
With the ripe branch of promise and peace in its mouth.  
I love thee, lone bud, for thy odour has breath  
Which wafts our free spirits to forest and heath ;  
Thou speak'st, in thy cold and thy solitary reign,  
Of the rich, living, ripe, balmy summers again !  
Of those tints, and those shades, and those glorious  
crowds  
Of young laughing stars looking down through their  
clouds ;

Of those changes on earth, which continually vie  
With the lustre of ocean, and beams of the sky ;  
Of those lights, and those shades, and those sunbursts  
that lift

The clouds from their temples, and gloriously shift  
O'er the cheek of the desert, and silently play  
On the dark highland solitudes, far, far away !  
And of those pale moonlights, so pure and so still,  
Which float on the wild lochs, and swim round the hill.

Sweet nursling of nature ! alone thou hast dared,  
In defiance of winter, to light up the sward ;  
No lover hast thou in thy solitary bower,  
But the sunbeam, that leaps from the hem of the shower  
A moment to court thee, and kiss thee, till he  
Is drank in by the tempest that boils from the sea.

Pure image of virtue ! thou turnest thy gaze  
To the glory of heaven, and trustest its ways ;  
Meek, lowly, confiding, thou dost not repine  
Whether hurricanes darken, or summer's sun shine ;  
But rising in hope from the bleak lifeless sod,  
Thou leanest alone on the aid of thy God !  
A lesson to man, that though tempests roll by,  
That anchor is sure which is fixed on the sky.

## THE RELICS OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

IN the year 1832, two ships arrived at Hull, from the continent of Europe, laden with bones, gathered from the fields of Smolensko, Borodino, and Moscow, the relics of Napoleon's grand army; the bones were brought for manure.

A CLOUD in darkness hung,  
A storm of fearful birth,  
A hurricane, that wildly flung  
Its shadow upon earth ;  
A mighty tempest, and,  
When broke its thunder forth,  
Death spread abroad his icy hand  
O'er the devoted north !

Vain were its bolts of fire ;  
Stern winter on his blast  
Breathed out, and bade the hosts expire,—  
That echo was their last !  
Gaze now upon that heap,  
That awful mass of bones !  
Let proud ambition come and weep  
O'er earth's imperial ones.

The cuirassier of France,  
The dauntless and the strong,  
The gallant Pole, with steed and lance,  
The southern sons of song ;  
From Arno and the Po,  
Ah ! see their thousands lie,  
Ridges beneath the drifting snow,  
Which chokes their feeble cry.

Their thoughts are wandering far ;  
They see their vine-clad hills,  
That blossom 'neath a warmer star,  
But death each bosom chills ;  
Yet to the last, their gaze  
Is on those hours of mirth,  
Which link'd with flowers their boyhood days,  
To one fair spot of earth.

Now mark their relics hoar ;  
They speak of battle's frown,  
Where sank the glorious tricolor,  
And dropp'd the eagle down ;  
Dread twain, who, once combined,  
Controlled the startled world ;  
They speak, too, of a master mind  
To dust and darkness hurl'd.



They waft a note of woe  
Far o'er the pathless sea,  
Where ashes sleep, which erst struck low  
Earth's proudest chivalry !  
They breathe of one, who once  
Made Europe's beauteous vales  
The glory and the grave of France,  
Theme of a thousand tales.

Of one, whose mighty wings  
O'er prostrate nations soar'd,  
Who made earth's old imperial kings  
The vassals of his board !  
Who, to land's farthest verge,  
Carried war's crimson blade,  
And states were won by every charge  
His princely squadrons made.

Of one, whose wild career  
Blazed on from pole to pole,  
Who had the power to rule a sphere,  
But not his own fierce soul !  
The eagle of his kind,  
Who flew o'er fortune's frown,  
Till dazzled, maddened, and grown blind,  
He reeled in darkness down !

## HELIOPOLIS.

YON solitary column standeth well,  
Proud and majestic, the sole monument  
Above a perish'd city! Stranger, look  
Upon the mute and lifeless fields around—  
No shattered pedestal, no scrap of wall,  
No colonnade, nor temple meets your gaze,  
Nought but, high starting from the mud of Nile,  
One giant pillar ribs the burning heaven,  
And mocks the dust and littleness of man!  
Ye wise ones of the earth, who pant for fame,  
Here read this awful block! the shadow stands  
Full in the sunshine, and its stony front  
Speaks of old thoughts and stories, in a tongue—  
A language that has perished! Thus will die  
The poet's laurels, and the time may come  
When even sweet Shakspeare may be met on earth,  
Seal'd as those ghastly Hieroglyphics, cut  
With the first lisping thoughts of savage man.  
Yes, in the far and hoary days of old,  
O'er this mute plain a glorious city stood,  
ON of the Scriptures, where the Jewish sire  
Met his lost son, and saw him in its halls,  
Move like a deity. Majestic mart!

---

Thou high imperial city, whose command  
Seemed potent as a god's, and echo'd o'er  
Half of the torrid world,—where are thy tribes ?  
The busy millions who, with eager feet,  
Once throng'd thy stately avenues, and led  
One half the commerce of the peopled globe,  
Over thy marble pavements ? where are now  
Thy turban satraps, and thy bearded priests ?  
Thy glittering armies, and thy pomp of war ?  
Thy spearmen, and thy cavalry, who trode  
Cities beneath their charge ? where now thy throng  
Of banded elephants, whose monstrous forms  
Rolled 'mid the ocean of the mail-clad men,  
Harnessed for battle ? Now no trace or wreck,  
But yon tall pillar, o'er thy sepulchre  
Breathes forth thy epitaph ; alas, alas !  
Thou speak'st an awful lesson to mankind !  
One which the petty conquerors of a day,  
Who swim in blood a moment, would do well  
To pause and ponder on ! Departed town !  
Few cities of the ancient earth have felt  
A fate so stern as thine ; they all can show  
At least a few gray head-stones o'er their dead ;  
But thou hast nothing to proclaim the reign  
Of all thy countless millions, all thy chiefs !  
Nothing, but one gigantic obelisk,  
Standing alone without a brother, like  
Death on the world ! Vast and mysterious Thebes,

She of the hundred gates, and million steeds,  
Can show her countless columns, and her miles  
Of giant statues, and tremendous shafts,  
Her sphinxes, and her mountain heaps of stone,  
Her caverns, and her mummy pits, to tell  
That she of all the cities of the earth  
Sat proudly and alone, their awful queen !  
Athens has still her temples ; and the lone  
Arabian desert, with its seas of sand,  
Can show the shining skeleton, and fanes  
Of dead Palmyra, where the lion sleeps  
Beneath the domes of marble ; and the asp,  
Swollen by the burning sun, in silence trails  
Her length o'er the fallen columns. Babylon,  
Even ruined as she is, has still her hills  
Of wreck and rubbish on the mighty banks  
Of the far Euphrates ! Memphis has  
Her everlasting pyramids, where men  
Like insects crawl and climb, and from the clouds  
Laugh o'er her desolation ! Thou alone  
Hast but one stone to mark thy solemn grave !  
Lone city of the dead ! earth's puny pests  
Who, wasp-like, sting her, should come here and learn.  
Thou hadst thy Cæsars and Napoleons,  
Who made a ladder with the necks of men,  
On which to climb, that they might sturdier hew  
The drooping branches from the tree of life !  
Now all have perished, like the tide of dead,

Which, in the day of battle, choked the wheels  
Of their red chariots ; all have passed away,  
Even like the winds of night ; a few short years,  
And the king's epitaph look'd to the sun ;  
But time came darkly, with his palsied hands,  
Stealing among the multitude of tombs !  
Above the beggar's solitary grave  
The swarthy shadow passed, until he saw  
The stately mausoleum, then he stoop'd  
And struck the shrine to atoms, blotting out  
The fulsome praises, which the flatterers  
Of dead ambition had engraven there !  
Yes, that swart leveller of the earth is stern,  
And seldom stops to turn his prison key,  
And let the secrets of oblivion out.

## THE CONDOR.

KING of the clouds ! thy throne is where  
Life seldom meets the view,  
Where Chimborazo's forehead bare  
Is plunged amid the blue  
Dead atmosphere, and thou dost brood,  
The potentate of solitude,  
Where wild wing seldom flew ;  
The only thing whose pulse can thrill,  
Where desolation cries " Be still."

Methinks I see thy mighty form  
Crouch'd 'mid those wastes of snow,  
Gaze proudly on the whirling storm,  
Ten thousand feet below ;  
Then mark thee riding on the blast,  
Thy shadow on the ice rocks cast ;  
Lord of each feathered foe,  
Gigantic monarch of the sky,  
Which echoes to thy savage cry.

I see thee leave thy grim abode  
A thousand leagues behind,  
And float, like messenger of God,  
Upon the squally wind !  
Down from the Andes, downward still,  
Down from each everlasting hill,  
Down where the clouds are kind,  
A king on the savannas free,  
And who dares join the feast with thee ?

Yes, where those grassy deserts spread  
Like oceans without line,  
A universe of beauty dead,  
Where all but life combine  
To make a paradise, thou'rt seen  
Hovering across the boundless green,  
Its richest stores are thine ;  
None dare dispute the desert, where  
Thy shadow dims the blistering air.

Again,—and onwards still thou keep'st  
Thy journey, like a soul,  
Through storm and calm, and never sleep'st,  
To where sublimely roll  
The Amazon, or Plata's strength,  
Measuring a world in their dread length,  
Down to their ocean goal ;

And then alighting on their brink,  
Proud bird, I see thee stoop and drink.

Amid those rank enormous weeds,  
Which high as forests coil,  
Through which the giant serpent feeds,  
And snores the crocodile,—  
I mark thee hold majestic path,  
Where all is poison, fear, and death,  
Where nature wears no smile,  
Till wearied with the waste, away  
Again thou climb'st the vault of day.



## THE NEW DISCOVERED ISLE.

Amid the South Sea waves  
It blossom'd to the sun,  
A paradise unknown to slaves,  
The ocean's loveliest one !  
The sea around it flash'd  
In glory to the sky,  
But no tornado ever dash'd  
Across its forests high.

The glorious old palm trees  
Which reared their heads in mirth,  
As if to catch the wanton breeze  
That gambol'd o'er the earth ;  
Those solitudes of gloom,  
Those deserts never stirr'd,  
Unless when through their swelling bloom  
Wandered some ocean bird.

Amid the boundless waste  
Of waters thou'rt a nest,  
On which those lonely ones when chased,  
May find a Sabbath rest !

When wandering o'er the sea,  
A thousand leagues thou'rt seen,  
A paradise of hope and glee,  
With thy bright plume of green.

Havoc has never ploughed  
Thy bosom with her sword ;  
Nor any slave in terror bowed  
Before an earthly lord !  
But peace, with pleasure laden,  
Sits 'mid each luscious palm,  
As fearless as she sat in Eden,  
When every air breathed balm.

A thousand green alcoves  
Are glittering to the sky,  
Where future hearts their burning loves  
Will tell with many a sigh ;  
Our world is torn with strife—  
Within a tortured zone  
Thou risest like the tree of life,  
With all its blossoms on.

Thou'rt such a lone abode  
As, one might fancy, kept  
The twain who conversed with their God,  
When sin and sorrow slept.

Around thee wreathes sublime,  
With not one blossom furl'd,  
The first fair coronal, which time  
Twined round the infant world.

Sweet garden of the brine,  
Home of the poet's eye !  
Oh ! what a joy in scenes like thine  
To muse on the Most High ;  
To view his brightness shine  
Through the blue silent air ;  
To feel that earth is still divine,  
Though man is breathing there.

## THE PROPHET.

IN the shadow of eve, when creation was still,  
The prophet stood high on the brow of the hill ;  
Above him the stars in magnificence shone,  
As he gazed on the temples of proud Babylon !  
The winds were asleep in the caves of their birth,  
And the moon, like a pale spirit stealing o'er earth ;  
A glory, a rapture had lit up his eye,  
As he stretch'd out his dark swarthy hand to the sky,  
And cried, as he waved o'er the city his rod,  
I curse thee, proud one, in the name of our God !

Thou princess of nations ! the brand thou hast gilt  
In the blood of thy victims, is broke to the hilt ;  
And low are the hearts of thy pride and thy trust,  
Thy sceptre is shivered, thy crown in the dust !  
Proud queen of the earth ! thou hast said in thy joy,  
I steep my vast towers in the depths of the sky,  
My name is eternal, and who shall behold  
A shadow of fear on my temples of gold !  
I tell thee, thou vain one, the time is at hand  
When the blood of thy millions shall moisten the sand,

When the hearts of thy valiant no longer shall beat,  
And thy virgins be trampled like weeds in the street,  
When thy shrines shall be silent, thy palaces mute,  
And thy hearths cease to echo the sound of a foot.

Thou hast trodden the wine-press of sorrow and death,  
And the nations are drunk with the cup of thy wrath ;  
Thy guilt has gone up to the regions of light,  
And ruin has sharpened his falchion to smite ;  
On his pale steed of havoc the spoiler has gone,  
Like the wings of the blast, when the thunder rolls on,  
The dim one bestrides the old earth in his ire,—  
List, list ! how he gallops through darkness and fire !  
And, see ! he approaches, death's terrible king,  
His arrows are fitted, his bow on the string,  
His dark hollow eyeball is fixt on thy halls,  
He breathes, and a million like withered leaf falls !  
He moves, and the prostrate multitudes die,  
He speaks, and red tempest convulses the sky ;  
He frowns, and eclipse hides the forehead of day,  
He stamps, and an earthquake has swallowed his prey ;  
He spreads his cold hand o'er his trembling slaves,  
He curses, and earth is a world of graves !

That dread one is waving his falchion o'er thee,  
Proud home of the mighty ! too soon thou wilt see  
Thy crown covered over with ruin and rust,  
Thy towers, and thy temples laid low in the dust ;

Thy terraces silent, thy theatres alone,  
Thy palaces ashes, thy altars o'erthrown ;  
Thy ramparts forsaken, thy gardens in gloom,  
Thy streets like the desert, thy halls like the tomb !  
Not a foot in thy domes, not a voice in thy bowers,  
Not a spark on thy hearths, not a heart in thy towers ;  
Not a whisper of love, not a sigh, nor a breath,  
But God flashing o'er thee, the falchion of death !



Like an ocean in its might,  
Or the hurricane's red flight,  
With your brands of beamy light,  
And the targe !  
Away,—away,—away !  
Think of Albion's warrior day,  
And for Scotland's hills hurrah !  
To the charge !

One prayer to God above !  
One thought of those we love ;  
Vengeance strengthens as we move  
Havoc's tone ;  
'Tis come,—ye Gael, arouse,  
Let death be all your vows ;  
Pull your bonnets o'er your brows !  
Once, and on !\*

\* Nothing could be more determined and terrible than the charge of the right wing of the Highlanders, at the battle of Culloden ; for the left, from a false idea of honour, never charged. The right wing, composed of the Camerons, Macintoshes, Stewarts, &c., amounting to about two thousand men, as if by an electric shock, looked all at once to heaven, uttered a short but emphatic prayer, then pulling their bonnets over their brows, an old custom of the Gael in battle, made that fearful charge which was so powerful and overwhelming, as to sweep two entire regiments, with their artillery and all, off the field ; and had they been supported at that moment by their comrades, the page of history might have told another tale. But the left wing remained stationary, and those handful of brave men, opposed to the whole of Cumberland's army, were, after a dreadful struggle, cut to pieces ; more, however, by the cannon than the steel of their enemy.



## TO A HUMAN SKULL,

FOUND AMID THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

RELIC!—and thou wert once the home  
Of love, and hate, and passion's rage,  
And all those million thoughts which roam  
O'er memory's chequered page ;  
Thou held'st, though kindred to the clod,  
A portion of the living God.

Strange thing ! I'd mete thee out a task,  
A reverie pleasant to our sphere ;  
Oh ! could'st thou answer, I would ask  
Thy history's old career ;  
Thy life, thy foibles, and thy worth,  
The tale of thy mysterious earth.

Its laws, its loves, its characters,  
Its old Napoleons, who, perchance,  
Through slaughter drove their fiery cars,  
And made another France  
In thy annihilated ball,  
Who fought, and slew, and fettered all.

I'd question thee, lone relic, stern,  
And thou might'st give a good account,  
Which our frail sons of clay could learn,  
And turn to some amount ;  
A truth more precious to our view  
Than aught which sage or sophist drew.

Like us thou must have borne a load  
Of care, and felt the venom fierce  
Of thorns, with which pale hate has sowed  
Our palsied universe ;  
Life's cup, gall swimming to the top,  
Thou must have quaffed it drop by drop.

One faithful heart, and many false,  
Lone sleeper, may have troubled thee !  
Hope's fear, and love's delirious pulse,  
The pain, the agony  
Of friendship hollow as the gale,  
Has made thy manly forehead pale.

And thou, perchance, hast stood the shock  
Of fortune in her wildest mood,  
Hast seen thy summer favourites mock  
Thy utter solitude ;  
And felt that cold and bitter throe,  
Which trusting hearts so often know.

Fate may have charter'd thee a slave,  
Though thy proud soul was nobly free ;  
Perchance some mean and sordid knave  
Has tried to tread on thee !  
Whilst, giant-like, thy spirit threw  
The viper off, and crushed him too.

Perchance thou hast had children,—ay,  
And on the green and flowery sod,  
Hast taught their lips to waft on high  
The blessed name of God !  
Like ripe ear gather'd to its sheaf,  
Thou may'st have sank without a leaf.

Yet, lonely one, there have been lips  
Which hailed thee with a mother's joy,  
And fondled thee, ere death's eclipse  
Fell on her lovely boy ;  
Yes, sighs, and many a thrilling word,  
Lone dreamer, have by thee been stirr'd.

In bosoms which have pass'd away,  
On hearts that now are like thine own,  
Amid creation's old decay,  
A ruin turned to stone ;  
A wreck o'er which no mourner mourns,  
A shrine whose flame no longer burns.

Yet all are past and perished now,  
E'en like the clouds which cross'd the sky ;  
Care dims no more thy marble brow,  
Nor bitter tears thine eye !  
The sunshine, and the storm that cross'd  
Thy being, in the past is lost.

States fall, and earth's imperial thrones  
Are trod to ashes every hour,  
But on thy gray and sapless bones  
Time has no longer power ;  
Years wear the marble and the brass,—  
Thou mock'st the dim ones as they pass.

## CLEOPATRA TO THE ASP.

BEHOLD the baby at my breast,  
That sucks its nurse asleep,  
Soon will this throbbing heart have rest,  
My dim eyes cease to weep !  
Egypt, I'm weary of thy crown,  
I've laid thy golden sceptre down,  
And soon, in slumber deep,  
Those orbs which won a world will close,  
Where none can mar their long repose.

Though fortune's star at last has set,  
And life is at its goal ;  
Dreams of those brighter moments yet  
Flash round my sickening soul ;  
Those moments, when I sat a queen,  
And chained the world in love or spleen,  
And saw my chariot roll  
Amidst the conquering and the free,  
Who round me thronged to bend the knee.

Those hours, when queen of the fair east,  
I blazed earth's tribes among,  
And made life one perpetual feast,  
And time one gush of song !

Those radiant hours, when pleasure spread  
Her silken pinions o'er my head,  
When at my feet the strong,  
The stately of creation knelt,  
And conquerors yielded, as they felt

The soft touch of this feeble hand.

My magic smile was then  
More potent than the mightiest brand ;  
And chained imperial men !  
Yes, Rome ! thy haughtiest ones have bowed ;  
Thy gods ! the worshipped of the crowd,  
Have stoop'd and yielded, when  
I deigned to fling one wandering glance  
Upon them in their stern advance.

We've passed life gloriously, we've slipp'd  
In music through this sphere,  
And if not gods, at least we've sipp'd  
Some of their nectar here.  
Our being was one holy-day,  
Our souls above their load of clay,  
Our sky contained no tear ;  
One splendid sunburst, and its set  
Will be at last in glory yet.

Then, welcome ! thou fond worm, how keen  
Thou'rt creeping to my heart !

Thou dost not sting with fawning mien,  
Thou show'st at least thy dart ;  
Of all my glittering creatures past,  
Thou'rt only faithful to the last.

Egypt ! we part, we part !  
I made thee one bright festal board,—  
The loved, the sacred, the adored.

I die,—but Rome shall ne'er behold,  
Amid her captive horde,  
That fallen one, whose rod of gold  
Was mightier than her sword ;  
They ne'er shall see me bend the knee,—  
Cæsar, avaunt ! my soul is free !

Now, now, my generous lord—  
Oh, Anthony ! come from the sky,  
And clasp my spirit ere I die !

## SONG.

LAND of my fathers ! though tyrants oppress thee,  
Still is my spirit intwined with thy laws ;  
Falchions there are which ere long will redress thee,  
Though mine now has shivered and failed in thy cause !  
I have sung on thy mountains, and loved in thy valleys,  
And when that this sorrowing bosom has died,  
For thee, oh, my country ! the first band that sallies,  
My spirit shall hover, and charge by their side.

And, oh ! when my soul from life's chain is delivered,  
Then say not, my country, by me thou'rt betrayed ;  
My bosom is bleeding, my helmet is shivered  
By the foes who insult thee, oppress, and degrade !  
We've struck for our homes, and we perish delighted,  
That liberty smiles on the death of the free !  
My father's sword sparkled, that thou should'st be righted,  
But mine is thus purple, and broken for thee.



## THE CAPTURED SHARK.

WHERE is thy dread dominion now,  
Fierce spectre of the sea !  
Thy bound of majesty, when thou  
Went flashing far and free !  
The watery world was all thine own,  
And thou didst lord it well ;  
For ever rose around thy throne  
Death's solitary yell.

Blue demon of the deeps ! I mark  
Thee track yon thunder cloud,  
Which hangs above the reeling bark,  
Like ruin's pitchy shroud ;  
I see thee cleave the ocean's cheek,  
To reach that victim driven  
Before the storm, whose awful shriek  
Rings life's last prayer to heaven.

'Tis done ;—the hurricane expands,  
The bolt of death has sped,  
And gasping lips, and quivering hands  
Are struggling 'mid the dead ;

Whilst thou, like tyrant, still dost urge  
Thy way to that devoted crew,  
A yell—a groan—the bloody surge  
Tells that thine aim was true.

When summer pines the burning south,  
And fires the fevered brain ;  
When pestilence, with sulphury mouth,  
Spews havoc on the main ;  
I see thee, like a spirit, keep  
That plague-ship full in sight,  
On, onward o'er the blistering deep,  
Thy meal its hapless freight.

And when the pest has struck his prey,  
When the last sob is gone,  
And in the melancholy spray  
The fated one is thrown !  
Like arrow shearing through the brine,  
Thou keep'st thy rapid path ;  
Dread wanderer ! that feast is thine,  
And all the rest is death.

## A CHARACTER.

OH! his just picture, could I boldly hit,  
A thing whose blasphemy goes off for wit!  
Clay, with the shallow semblance of a man,  
A tearing, swearing, gross automaton!  
Nature has formed him in her sportive art,  
And given him all of mankind but the heart;  
With the blest gift, which time can ne'er annul,  
To be for ever vain, for ever dull;  
To sully every virtue within reach,  
Rave, rant, and rail,—do every thing but teach.

Through chance and change, his brain has only shone  
A heap of feathers, or a mass of stone;  
With idiot front, the soulless thing is brave,  
With such buffoonery as becomes a knave!  
With rant for wisdom, forwardness for right,  
Bluster for knowledge, impudence for might,  
Brawler of fustian, skill'd but in abuse,  
With tongue that cackles like his brother goose!  
Or give the simile larger scope for view,—  
The serpent's hissing, with its venom too.

Yet he is meek, and charitable,—ay,  
Or else the venal papers tell a lie!

A moment careless of his rule,—be steady,  
His purse flies open, if the press is ready  
To print the liberal act in glory down,  
That he to starving misery gave—a crown !  
He spouts forth faith, though atheist out and out,  
And worships God, like actors, for the shout,  
The echo of the million ! and he kneels,  
Praying beside the sick-bed, while he feels  
As much of sympathy as Satan knew,  
When o'er the couch of Job the swart one flew !

A fawning, flattering, hollow, heartless thing,  
An effigy for feeling, that could sing  
Above the death-bed of a sire, or play  
Cards in the room where his dead mother lay !  
He'd cheat his brother ; like the Jew of old  
He'd be a martyr, if with kings enrolled,  
And bear his cross if it was made of gold !  
Yea, follow Christ, if fortune's hand could fix  
His lowly ensigns on a coach and six !

Critics who write without one jot of brain,  
Vile poetasters, scribblers, who remain  
Still faithful to the dark chaotic plan,  
The fools, the fiddlers, or the bears of man !  
Come from the night, ye long congenial fry,  
Where ye are nestled sixteen stories high !

As if dame fortune granted ye the boon,  
To be at moping seasons near the moon !  
Oh ! come and look upon your brother,—ay,  
Nicknamed a man,—a counterfeit,—a lie !  
Yet does he write, ye rolling stars and waves,  
Pardon him, nature, when a madman raves !

He seems thy glorious pictures but to know  
From the rent canvass of a puppet show !  
Yet write, and pilfer, scorn the art to blot ;  
Thanks to thee for thy toil ! when days were hot  
Oft hast thou given us life's unvalued boon,  
When weary with the world, a sleep at noon !  
For fate has formed thee for each eye a mark,  
When drunk, or blind, or dozing in the dark ;  
Ashamed of her strange whim, in spleen or mirth,  
She sent thee down a blot upon the earth,  
A shadow in the sun, an asp in rage,  
For nature's common-place book, the first page.

## TO THE LOCUST.

DULL spoiler of the earth ! thou'rt far  
More potent than the pest,  
Who waves the blood-red flag of war  
Above an empire's rest !  
Ruins may cover many a league,  
Ten thousand victims fall ;  
But where thou roam'st, devouring plague  
And famine level all.

Fleet wanderer ! methinks I trace  
Thy pathway through the burning sky,  
Those realms of death, that awful space  
Where nature's glories die !  
Those herbless, voiceless, soulless sands,  
Where life is ever seen to writhe ;  
Where time, the hoary dreamer, stands  
Bent o'er his useless scythe.

Demon ! methinks I see thee flit  
A fit companion for  
Those shadows of old years, that sit  
With ivy mantled o'er,

Amid the heaps of Delhi's halls,  
Where flames the solar beam ;  
Or where those everlasting walls  
Gloom o'er dark Nileus' stream.

Thoughts hewn in marble, where, sublime,  
Thebes rears her temples grand,  
Like a great shadow, flung by time  
Athwart the voiceless sand ;  
Thebes is thy home,—ay ! thou hast dwelt  
Within her dull and sultry air,  
Since the first bearded Pharaoh knelt  
To the last traveller.

Yes, thou hast fluttered o'er those walls,  
Those giant blocks of stone,  
Round which the sleepy adder crawls,  
And wild dog maketh moan.  
And thou hast seen the gorgeous feast,  
The revel, and the joyous rout ;  
The warrior throng, the minstrel priest,  
And heard ten millions shout.

The solitary palm that blooms,  
The gaunt hyena's ruined den,  
The pelican's abode, the tombs  
Of the first race of men ;

The silent solitary heaps,  
Round which the speckled aspics play ;  
The mouldering shrines, where ruin sleeps,  
And terror dreads to pray.

Those are thy haunts, fell spoiler !—ay,  
And from some far mysterious home,  
Like storm-clouds darkening the sky,  
Thy dread battalions come ;  
The world before thee is a bower  
Of hope, magnificence, and trust ;  
Behind—a waste, where sun and shower  
Fall but on death and dust.



## REST AND BE THANKFUL.

### A MOUNTAIN SEAT IN THE WILD VALLEY OF GLENCROW.

HERE let the wanderer come and sit him down,  
And gaze around upon the works of God !  
Where solitude has silenced, with her frown,  
Each echo of existence ; dark and broad  
The shadows of the great hills fall about,  
And fling a midnight o'er the voiceless road !  
The wilderness seems glad, and stealing out  
Amid the blue smoke of a summer shower,  
Sprinklings of rosy sunshine warmly spout  
O'er stream and precipice, and many a flower  
Laughs in the golden glory of this hour.

Nothing gives birth to sound ; the clouds are all  
The wanderers in this valley ; or, alone,  
Some eagle caged in the gigantic hall,  
And shooting 'midst its galleries of stone,  
Or the far sea mist ever drifting on.  
Glencrow ! I long thy rugged walls to climb,  
And like a spirit from the falcon's throne,  
Gaze on the earliest battle-field of time,  
And see the awful wreck, by silence made sublime.

For, oh! my soul is fashioned of that mood,  
To be a part, a wanderer by those rills,  
Which speak alone to glorious solitude,  
Among the bosoms of the silent hills,  
Where nature at the fountain-head distils  
The streams, and sends the wild ones on their way,  
Where the high storm the lofty desert fills,  
Chasing the dark clouds o'er the pathless brae!  
Such changes, sounds, and scenes, sent lightning  
through my clay.

Temple and turret will go down,—but thou,  
Glencrow! a marvel to the wanderer's sight,  
Wilt stand for ever! with thy granite brow  
Plunged 'mid the everlasting fields of light,  
Solemn as death! amid the wastes of night,  
Thy giant-snouted crags, and shafts of stone,  
Quarter the rolling tempests in their flight.  
No foot has trod thy summits—time, alone,  
Sits grinning from thy cliffs o'er earth, alas! his own.

Swart vale! thy caverns court a horrid gloom,—  
Darkness thy canopy, thy windingsheet  
Silence, that looks eternal, like the womb  
Of space, ere morning with his sunny feet  
Crushed the black clouds to brightness! tempests meet,  
And battle round thy brow, and with their wars  
Earth shivers, while old winter, with his sleet,

Spitteth, like scorn, his ice-stones in their scars ;  
And time, when tired with man, keeps mining at thy  
spars,

Yet thou dost stand, like truth's unbending soul,  
Amidst the roar of elements, and high  
Round thy cold front, the thunder's strength may roll,  
And the blue jagged lightning fiercely fly !  
The hurricane may hurtle through the sky,  
And churn the clouds to mist ! but still ye stand  
Immovable, as if to draw the eye  
From chaos, and his storms that 'gainst thee band  
Thro' the calm depths of heaven, up to a happier land.

Oh God ! these are thy works, and who shall dare  
Deny thee at the threshold of thy shrine ?  
The eternal mountains slumbering in the air,  
Their granite pinnacles that shoot and shine,  
A glory in the sky ! the mighty line  
Of the broad desert, with its woods, and falls,  
And foaming cataracts,—all, all are thine !  
The cloud, the starlight, and the storm that calls  
To the red thunder—shout through its majestic halls.

Yes, all are thine ! and let the atheist come,  
And climb, and gaze on thy tremendous peaks,  
Where the high clouds are shivered as they roam,  
And the gray eagle to the tempest shrieks !

Where the Atlantic blast in darkness seeks

A kindred home, and like the Invisible,

Silence sublimely to the spirit speaks

In that undying tone, which wood and fell

Breathe round the world for aye, the desert's powerful  
spell.

Yes, let him come, and in his darkness mount

Thy battlements of granite ! let him view

Each crag, that laughs defiance in the front

Of time, though he has cracked creation through ;

Let him behold the ocean, and the blue

Majestic clouds, and heaven's unmeasured span !

The distant deserts, with their swarthy hue ;

Let him behold the vast, th' almighty plan,

And then deny his God—the Eternal—if he can.

## THE WITCH.

Oh ! calm is the blue of the moonlight sky,  
As it looms o'er the burn and the brake ;  
With a look of delight, as my auld banes they tie  
With iron on the burning stake !  
Oh ! the night is no fitting for yin like me,  
To ha'e her dead sark outspread ;  
The hurricane should my companion be  
To the gruesome land of the dead.

My maister oft has invited me  
To a banquet's blithsome sound ;  
But now, I wat, the feast I see  
In the red torches flickering round ;  
And wha is yon that is stealing now  
'Mang the crowd to my burning pile ?  
Ah !—the hell-fire spangles his cloudy brow,  
That leers with a fearful smile.

Yet, come thy way, thou prince of night,  
Thou'lt meet nae minister here,  
With psalter and book, and prayer o' light,  
Thy majesty to fear !  
I ken ye weel, we have met before,  
When the moon glinted green on the sea ;  
Waes me ! but those hulicat moments are o'er,  
When we sported happy with thee.

Oh ! I feel my breath is shortening fast,  
As the fire is waxing hot ;  
Now, now ! is the time, for tempests to blast  
With their wing, this cursaed spot !  
They should come, as they came in the days gone by,  
At my all-commanding nod,  
When the sea smote the cloudy rind of the sky,  
And the ship went down with her load.

Now where are my sisters, that used to croon  
Their warlock spells with me ?  
When we hooded the bauld three-quarter moon,  
And darkened the summer sea !  
And churned the warm rain to biting sleet,  
And the wave to strangling foam ;  
And sank the proud imperial fleet,  
As they were snuving home.

Oh ! weel I mind how we skimm'd the brim,  
Though Norroway's blast blew loud,  
When the moon, with a cauld and blood-red rim,  
Jaw'd with the thunder cloud ;  
And the ice came crushing down the deep,  
With its sharp teeth 'mang the stars,  
And crack'd, and growl'd, and shriek'd, and howl'd,  
Like heaven and hell at their wars !

And the deep sea snored, as the saucy waves  
Were jammed 'tween the bars of ice ;  
And we heard, from out their darksome caves,  
The whale's expiring voice !  
For many a mighty one was seized  
In the jaws of the cutting frost,  
And monstrous shapes to mummy were squeezed,  
As the icebergs each other cross'd.

That awful night, threescore o' ships,  
On the frozen billows lay,  
But the storm awoke, and the iceboards broke,  
And they all went down ere day !  
We danced on each deck, and we trampled each wreck,  
And we shoved the snow-rocks down  
From the glaciers blue, on the screaming crew,  
And we sang to the hurricane's frown.

We skipp'd like bees round a summer hive,  
And we joined in the thunder's shout,  
As we saw the keels to the bottom drive,  
And their pale, pale crew strewed about!  
I mind it weel,—'mid the thousand dead,  
A fair-haired youth I eyed,  
I grasped his locks, and bore his head  
Above the roaring tide!

For, oh! he looked like my son,—but the sea,  
Now foaming by his lip,  
Bore the lovely burden of earth from me,  
And he slid through my trembling grip!  
Long, long I hovered above the place  
Where sunk his youthful head!  
And I saw the sheen of his comely face  
Among the lang seaweed.

Then away we flew to the sunny south,  
And called on the thunder clouds!  
And the wild ones came, and with sulphury mouth,  
Spat fire on the earth and her crowds!  
We laugh'd at the dotards telling their beads,  
While we, with a brush of our wing,  
Topped the kirk on its worshippers' heads,  
As they were worshipping.



But, ah! those happy days are gane,  
While the fire, with its harrowing tongue,  
Is licking the flesh from each simmering bane,  
That grues like the heart when stung!  
And, see! I am beckoned to come awa,  
By yon swarthy shape in the east!  
It is done!—and I come in this last death thraw,  
To a lang, lang promised feast.

## THE CURSE.

ETERNAL Spirit of the universe !  
Which *was*, and *is*, and *shall exist* when time,  
Beside the ruins of his dial-stone,  
Lies lifeless, and forsaken ! Mighty power !  
Surviving all things ; planets feel the force  
Of different laws, and languish, droop, and die,  
As fate proclaims ; but thou, Undying One !  
Stand'st 'mid the flood of ages, and behold'st  
The countless millions, and the arts of man  
Rush by thee to destruction ! not an hour  
Wing'st by thy silent throne, but carries change  
To what is perishing. I had a dream,—  
Methought I trod the solitudes of space,  
Ere hoary time, with ghastly hand, had struck  
The harp of desolation ! moments when  
The crude foundation of our world was laid.  
As yet the flood flashed o'er it, not a peak  
Jagg'd through the fearful waters, while the wind,  
Like libertine, ran reeling through the clouds,  
Blowing his trump of discord ! and the rain  
Lept hissing 'mid the lightning shafts, that shone  
Broad as the evening sun above the sea.  
Now heaving from the billows, came the first

Fair portions of a world ! the hoary crags,  
And the sky—splitting mountains, shot aloft,  
Dripping with seaweed, those enormous cliffs,  
Destined to stand ten million million years,  
The pinnacles of winter, they uprose,  
Shining and iceless ! but a moment's heave,  
And they were lifted through the frozen air,  
Swathed in their snow robes, covered with a crown  
Of icicles, that adamant-like,  
Laughed at the puffs of summer ! now has sprung  
The vast rotundity of the young star  
Over the tortured main, peak after peak,  
Like sunbeams darted through the atmosphere,  
Clad in their savage glory, beautiful  
With all their thousand forests, ripe and rich !  
The tall woods shaking from their giant locks,  
The glittering spray, and smiling to the morn.  
Above the leafy ocean, splintered crags,  
Sparkled like stars, and cut the highest clouds,  
Where every rain-drop as it fell, was chained  
Like diamonds to a frozen diadem,  
And fettered lay for ever ! then, anon,  
Started the islands and the continents,  
In all their airy outlines, and the seas  
Parted from the great deep, rushed in to fill  
Their mountain cradles, and the rivers rolled,  
Like serpents through the flowery wilderness,  
Silent and beautiful, while over all

Arose the round and living sun, and shook  
His glory o'er the universe.  
Thus space received a bright inhabitant,  
Child of eternity ! what chance and change  
Will shadow thee ! as yet thou roll'st with not  
One grave within thy bosom ! Youthful world !  
Exult while thou hast yet no broken heart,  
For death ere long will reap thy happy fields ;  
And fraud and envy will like serpents, twine  
And twist themselves among the buds of life,  
Nipping them at the core, before they spring  
To fruit and foliage ! Such my musings were,  
When, lo ! methought, emerging slowly from  
The vault of space, two fearful spirits stood,  
Two swarthy shadows, mighty and alone,  
Dim, and as melancholy as the clouds  
Woven together by the midnight storm,  
And hung above the ever-moaning sea !  
They stood and gazed upon the distant star,  
That swung beneath them in its purple shroud  
Of showers and sunshine ! One, a skeleton,  
Meagre, yet mighty, diadem'd with gold,  
Upraised his lithy arm, and frowning, shook  
Deadly defiance 'gainst the youthful star ;  
And turning to the other powerful pest,  
Who, dark as midnight, hovered like a storm  
Over its happy bosom ! look, he said,  
Upon yon joyous world, and thou wilt see

What soon will be a loathsome altar, heaped  
With a ne'er-ending sacrifice,—proud sphere !  
Thou rollest in thy innocence,—but know  
That I have cursed thee ! and my withering ban  
Shall mingle with thy elements, and turn  
Each sweet to wormwood, and each joy to gall,  
And every hope to ashes ! With these words,  
The spirits shook their swart hands at our world,  
And, like deep thunder rattling o'er the waves,  
Pass'd, muttering forth their curse ! The scene was  
changed,—

There was a being, high and beautiful,  
A restless wanderer, whose thoughts had made  
His breast a hell ! one whose all-searching mind  
Had roamed the world for knowledge, and had drank  
Deep of the hidden waters ; but, alas !  
Its waves had turned out poison, and he felt  
That he was cursed above all human kind !  
One of that old gigantic brotherhood,  
Who, in the infancy of nature, walked  
Their solitary world ; he was the first  
Who sacrificed to death, and offered up  
A brother to the demon ; and methought  
I saw him, feared and hated by his tribe,  
Wander creation, savage as the wolf,  
Which hunger forces from the icy hills,  
To prowl around the lone abodes of men !  
No flocks were his, no follower, and no home,

No friend, no kin, no partner of his soul  
Had he to light the hearth, and welcome him  
After his wild and weary wanderings !  
His dwelling was the mountains, and the sword  
Or bow the only sickle which he used  
To gather in his harvests ; solitary  
Companion of the vulture ! he went forth  
The terror of the desert, since the curse  
Of God was thunder'd o'er him, he had roamed  
Over the wide and variegated world,  
The only spirit in her solitudes ;  
And now, methought, I saw the dark one stand  
Within the city of his eldest born,  
The capital of Enoch. Silently  
The kingly savage gazed with wonder round  
On the fantastic glory,—all was strange !  
His mind had nothing in its vacancy  
On which to build the vision ;—on he sped  
Through mounts of marble, and through groves of stone,  
Lone as the lion, when his midnight rounds  
Near in the night some quiet unguarded town.  
Hoary and gaunt the solitary stood  
Before the granite battlements, and saw  
The round sun wheeling o'er the pyramids,  
And the vast wave of shining columns that,  
Like net-work lined the palace fronts, and bore  
The huge fantastic cupolas in air !  
Far stretched a sparkling sea of terrace roofs,

And dull enormous monuments ; he stood  
Before the glittering portals, dim and dark  
As Satan, when he shook his fiery hand  
Against the gates of paradise ! Yet soon  
His kindred knew him ; though five hundred years  
Had ploughed creation since they saw him last,  
They knew their solitary sire, and straight  
The mighty gates swing on their brasen bars,  
The voice of music bids their father come,  
The blighted root of all their giant tribes ;  
Millions are flocking round him, in the midst  
The awful wanderer of the wilderness  
Looks like some dreaded god, amid the hosts  
Of his adorers. Night fell down apace,  
And saw a feast in Enoch's lofty hall,  
But Death and Cain had entered, and the cups  
Anon were filled with blood instead of wine !  
Earth felt again the ban which at the first  
Her fearful foe howled o'er her.  
My dream was changed ;—methought five thousand years  
Had wandered o'er the world, and man had filled  
Her vales with royal cities, and her breast  
With battle-fields and graves. When, lo ! again  
The two swart spirits hung above the earth,  
And dimm'd her like a tempest ! Look, my son,  
Yelled out the spectre, see how gloriously  
Yon world of swarming millions rolls along,  
But soon my curse will smite her ! Dost thou mark

Those green and grassy oceans, where the tribes  
Of Tartary for centuries have roamed  
In the high uplands of that mighty waste !  
Beneath a palm, a mother shall bring forth  
A child—an all-destroying monster. In  
The bright noon of a sultry summer day,  
When the broad sun, alone and shelterless,  
Looks on the waving desert, she shall feel  
The pangs of childbirth, and her shepherd tribes  
Shall gather round her in the solitude,  
And hail the coming of their sceptred pest,  
The fierce annihilator of the world !  
Ay, he shall level with as firm a hand  
As ever we have done, and on the earth  
Ashes shall be for royal towns ! and heaps  
For pillared capitals and palaces !  
A thousand cities that, a moon before,  
Shone with their glittering pinnacles and domes,  
And heaved with busy multitudes, shall lie  
Low as the grave ! when the destroyer's feet  
Comes, like the desert blast, along their halls ;  
The ivy and the serpent shall usurp  
The shining niches in the marble rooms,  
And o'er the sunny pavements of the towns,  
Gore shall be poured like water, he shall pile  
A pyramid in mockery of those  
In the gray land of Egypt ! flesh and blood,  
And human heads, shall be the matter for



The hellish building. Such, oh world ! will be  
Thy swart destroyer,—such the pests that men  
Follow as blindly at their chariot wheels,  
As if they followed gods ! The spirits passed,—  
And Zingis, rushing with his Tartar hordes  
Down on the lovely, but astonished earth,  
Proved that the curse was true !  
Leaving those mighty table lands, which stretch  
From old Kathea along the hills of Ind  
And Persia to the Euxine, vaulting o'er  
China's immense and everlasting wall ;  
Work of forgotten millions ! puny guard  
For slavish luxury, against the arm  
Of mountain liberty. Now Europe lay,  
Old, rich, and gorgeous Europe, 'neath my feet,  
When, lo ! again the pests above it hung,  
Ready to curse its green and beauteous vales,  
That swarmed with smiling millions. Spirit, see,  
Exclaimed the shadow, as he pointed to  
The lovely earth, yon world is blooming now !  
Gay, as if death within her flowery sheaves  
Had never put his sickle ; she is fair,  
Though twice three thousand years have furrowed her,  
And chok'd her verdure with the putrid dead !  
Yet, ere a few moons set upon the wave,  
She'll be again one mighty charnel-house !  
Reason will raise his voice, and liberty  
Unfurl her standard in a storm of blood !

And round her gory chariot wheels, the tribes  
Of a vast empire will keep bellowing on,  
Till all the institutes of olden times,  
Laws, creeds, and altars, and the deeds of men,  
Will be o'erturned, or blotted out in death ;  
And man himself, transformed into a fiend,  
Will smash the pillars of society,  
Turn order and the holy ties of life  
To one chaotic whirlwind, that will sweep  
Peace for a season from a madden'd world.  
Gaze on yon isle within the silent sea,—  
Ay, there a serpent new is born, which yet  
Will sting life's tree into the very core !  
Walking to glory, and a throne of gold,  
O'er bleeding multitudes ; he shall be one  
Whose reign shall be 'mid desolation, and  
His march through burning capitals and plains,  
Scorch'd and burnt up, and harrow'd by the sword !  
Look, and thou'lt see ten millien millien skip  
Over a world in happiness of soul !  
The marriage shrines are joyous, and the domes  
Of love blaze brightly, while, upon the hearths  
Virtue and peace, with innocence and mirth,  
Dance hand in hand around the social fire !  
That fiend who slumbers in his cradle, soon  
Will wave the torch of discord o'er the earth,  
And to the solitary bowers of hope  
Place the red brand of ruin ! Mark me well ;—

Yon baby, mewling in its nurse's arms,  
Will yet flash out a comet in his wrath,  
Troubling the nations, treading thrones to dust,  
And laughing at the madness of his dupes  
Who silently have lent their slavish necks,  
That he may mount aloft and grasp a crown ;  
Hollow of faith, and preaching peace to man  
Even when the altar, shivered by his hand,  
Lies broken at his feet, he will usurp  
Dominion o'er his equals ; making kings,  
Deposing them, like creatures of his spleen,  
O'erturning empires in the giddy whirl  
Of his ambition, and, with demon sway,  
Gathering the banded nations of the earth,  
To war with winter in his realms of frost ;  
With shining mercenaries and pomp of war,  
Treading out nations from creation's chart,  
Covering the kingdoms with his thunder, and  
The ocean with his armaments ; alone,  
Standing upright in the chaotic storm  
Of reeling thrones, and falling dynasties !  
Cæsars, and eastern kings, and caliphs, were  
Mere toys to him in greatness ! He'll outshine  
Their thousands, as the moon among the stars,—  
The spoiled and favourite child of fortune, soon  
To writhe in fetters 'neath the lowest spoke  
Of all her wheel, when foil'd and flying back,  
Like Xerxes in a cock-boat from the grave

Of slaughtered armies ! Still his fearful reign,  
The desperate drama, as if wanting yet  
One scene to close it with a fit effect,  
Will stand till fortune give the hindmost blow,  
Closing the tragedy with one wild act  
Of glorious keeping, one bright finish to  
The strange and dreadful picture, hurling him  
From his high throne and reign of three brief months,  
Down to a barter'd captive, dying lone,  
Like some fell monster whom the groaning world  
Had flung from out her millions, to expire  
Upon a savage rock amid the sea.

Ambitious madmen ! who, in darkness, dream  
Of climbing up to kingdoms o'er the necks  
Of slain and shackled millions, gaze upon  
The mightiest of your kindred ; one whose reign  
Was like the morning star, one blaze of light,  
One all-devouring glory ! but whose fall,  
Like that of Lucifer, was down to hell,  
Never to rise again ! Ye despots, come,  
Come to his rock—his prison in the deep—  
There view his empire !—what ! a moll-hill, hemm'd  
In by the mighty waters ! and, when tired  
With gazing on the flinty crags that formed  
The savage cage of his captivity,  
Look on his dust, his sepulchre, and mark  
How small a space, how lowly, and how lone,  
How nameless, and unheeded 'mid the chart

Of the wide living universe, can serve  
Ambition's mightiest when his dreams are done.  
A change has cross'd my vision ;—and methought,  
Beneath a portico's majestic arch,  
A gorgeous colonnade, whose marble shafts  
Time had festoon'd with weeds, a savage sat,  
A wanderer from the hills, a stately son  
Of proud Barbaric liberty ! He leaned,  
Mute as a statue, 'gainst the granite flutes  
Of a huge prostrate shaft, and gazed around  
On what had once, two thousand years ago,  
Glittered a splendid capital ! Alas !  
The pests which cursed the world in infancy  
Had here been busy. Where the city stood,  
Her princely streets, and everlasting quays,  
From which ten thousand ships were hourly sent,  
Like winged messengers, to bless the world,  
Were ashes in the blast ; her glorious speech,  
Her stern gigantic tongue, whose powerful sound  
Ran round and round an old adoring orb,  
Moulding the savage to the form of man !  
And, to the dark benighted mind, conducting  
The winged lightning from the throne of heaven !  
That mighty language which at first bade truth  
Strike the red knife from superstition's hand !  
That tongue which bade eternal science ope  
Her eagle eye upon our stormy sphere,  
Her heavenly bards, whose harps were strung with fire,

Whose cords were thunder-toned,—all passed away,  
And but one savage left amid the ruin !  
His memory vacant as the homeless winds  
Which have no kin to care for,—all is strange !  
The link which bound that perished city to  
The land on which he breathes, two thousand years  
Before he trod the soil, was snapp'd in twain  
By men who are forgotten ; all he sees,  
Beneath the blue magnificence of heaven,  
Is but a mass of stones, and all he knows  
Are the dark tales which dim tradition whispers  
Upon his ear, the pride, the history,  
The only proofs that now are left to bind  
Yon city of the perished to the world.

Fame now is but an echo that once made  
A moment's murmur in the busy earth ;  
A tempest, long since vanished, that once stirr'd  
The pulses of the million for a day,  
Troubling the calm serenity of things ;  
And her old cut-throats who, most gallantly,  
Slaughtered their myriads, and for their wild work  
Had monuments from slaves, and gold from fools,  
And deep damnation from the God who made them.  
Despite the pictures of each tyrant's fate,  
Thousands yet live upon the bubble—fame !  
That moment's flash, that kind of dizzy dream,  
Which, like the glow-worm's sparkle in the night,

Fades ere the eye can note it. What is fame?  
A solitary echo that has passed  
Two thousand years ago, a feverish hope  
That sickens at its birth-day, and expires  
Even with the spell that raised it,—at the best,  
The wandering phantom of a monster, who  
Died in the old creation, and has left  
Its skeleton, mammoth-like, to scare the world  
With horrid visions! Yes, a pest that drench'd  
The earth with blood, and chained her trembling tribes,  
Even on the ruins of their holy hearths;  
Fame is a demon that has blurr'd the print  
Of mercy from our globe, and trod to dust  
The altars and the liberties of man;  
A gory shadow that has ever lured  
Earth's madmen on,—a thirst, a fever fit,  
A dream, delirium, then a thunder-clap,  
And all the rest is nothing!

## STANZAS,

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A FRENCH CUIRASSIER'S  
SWORD, FOUND ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

DREAD weapon ! thou hast blazed  
Amidst the thunder of that awful fight,  
Where Europe's kings, amazed,  
Saw war's red comet burst again from night !  
Yes, thou recallest the day,  
The echo of a thousand fights once more,  
The Cossack's wild hurrah,  
That startled Europe to her farthest shore.

And thou dost bring again  
A brighter vision of that wondrous man,  
The charge on Jena's plain,  
Which won an empire in a moment's span ;  
Marengo's field of death,  
Before me in its fearful glory flits ;  
Wagram's ensanguined heath,  
And the fair flashing sun of Austerlitz ;

The Danube's tide of blood,  
Spain and her thousand fields with carnage red ;



Far Lybia's solitude,  
And the fierce combat round the pyramid ;  
Dark visions fill my gaze,  
The storm, the whirlwind of the frozen north ;  
Imperial Moscow's blaze,  
And the swart Tartar horsemen dashing forth.

I see stern winter stand,  
Shaking his storm-locks from the frozen cloud,  
Spreading, with icy hand,  
Above thy fugitives his freezing shroud ;  
I hear the Cossack's shout  
Amid the marble haze around them spread,  
Their spear points glancing out ;  
A yell—a charge—and then a thousand dead.

Blade of the perished ! thou  
Recallest a picture with a brighter charm,  
When France was doomed to bow  
Beneath the glory of our island arm ;  
When Albion's fair-hair'd sons  
Met her invincibles in dread review,  
And showed those mighty ones  
The gallant deeds that free-born men can do.

Falchion ! thou yet dost bring  
Another vision of those moments wild,—

Of that imperial thing

Who won a world, then lost it like a child !

Lo ! and the sea is blue,

The awful ocean without cloud or speck ;

No ;—rising to the view,

And far away, behold yon armed deck !

A bark in lonesome there,

Wandering, like pilgrim, on its cheerless track

To some bleak region, where

Those doomed to touch it now, shall ne'er come  
back !

That bark is Britain's ;—see !

Her blood-red flag is dancing to the breeze,

Bright emblem of the free !

Which, like a talisman, can rule the seas.

That vessel carries one

Whose bones must moulder in no kindred grave ;

One, whose gigantic throne

Once shadow'd all but the unfetter'd wave !

Yes, 'tis a righteous close,

Fit scene for the mad drama,—first to be

A tiger 'midst his foes,

Then chained by them, expire amidst the sea.

## THE DEATH OF CLAPPERTON.

AN Afric's sunset, and he lay  
Upon his sandy bed,  
While the broad sinking star of day  
Flash'd fiercely on his head ;  
The desert without shade or sound,  
Stretch'd like eternity around.

He bent his dim dilated eye  
On the approaching night,  
Nought but a broad and blistering sky  
Smote on his fever'd sight ;  
A fiery firmament, a sphere  
Without one shade or floweret near.

One star arose ;—his memory flew  
Far o'er the ocean's breast,  
To that proud isle, amid the blue,  
Bright billows of the west !  
That land where pass'd youth's hours of glee,  
Like music o'er a summer sea.

He saw her thousand hills again,  
Their pine-clad summits steep

Amid the skies unbounded plain ;  
He saw that Sabbath sleep  
Which hangs so sweetly o'er each glen,  
Where wander Scotland's freeborn men.

He saw the lone and broomy braes ;  
The blackbird's cheerful strain,  
Which cheered him in his boyhood days,  
Crept to his soul again !  
He turned, and gazed o'er Afric's sky,—  
The vulture only made reply.

He saw the emerald haughs and holms  
Of Scotia's beauteous bound,  
He saw her peasant's happy domes,  
By thousands scattered round ;  
He shudder'd,—now beside his bed  
The savage stalked with sullen tread.

He thought on Scotland's stars and streams,  
Old scenes, to memory dear,  
Where pass'd in joy those tranquil dreams,  
Ere life's cup held one tear !  
The lion and the panther now  
Yell'd their fierce war-cry o'er his brow.

A brighter dream his soul absorbs ;  
The eyes of his own kin,

Brothers' and sister's glorious orbs  
Are glancing sweetly in  
Upon his trance of pain and death ;  
He hears again his mother breathe.

She blesses her fair, fearless boy,  
She kneels beside his bed,  
And in her holiness of joy,  
Her hands to heaven are spread !  
The simoom, rushing through the air,  
Dispels his trance, his mother's prayer.

The fiery sun went down, the sand  
Darkened beneath the foot  
Of midnight, in a stranger land  
That generous heart grew mute ;  
And, oh ! will dim oblivion spread  
Her pall of silence o'er his head.

No !—honest tongues will speak thy praise  
In hall and cottage hearth,  
For thou hast shed another blaze  
O'er thy fair land of birth !  
Though death has hushed the million's shout,  
He has not struck thy candle out.

## THE DEATH OF EPAMINONDAS.

THE yell of death was waxing low  
Along the battle-field,  
He lay, still gazing at the foe,  
Upon his broken shield ;  
He heard along the evening sky,  
The glorious burst of victory ;  
The shout—they yield, they yield !  
He heard it, and his spirit drank  
One draught of glory ere he sank.

The setting sun his glory shed  
O'er that dark field of strife,  
Mocking the cold unburied dead  
With one faint flush of life ;  
The dying warrior raised his eye,  
Dim as the closing twilight sky,  
A thousand thoughts were rife  
In their wild citadel—the soul,  
While hovering at its parting goal.

His old familiar friends were near,  
Men long and nobly tried ;

Who told him, when the broken spear  
Was parted from his side,  
Death would descend, and shroud from them  
Their country's best and brightest gem !  
And many wept and sighed,  
That he should go into the tomb,  
And leave no after branch to bloom.

He listened, and he bade them dry  
Such frail and womanish drops,  
Not fitting any Theban's eye,  
Far less their country's props !  
He bade them, in their hours of peace,  
Walk o'er the battle-fields of Greece,  
That land of all his hopes,  
And see if his fair fame was pent  
In less than noble monument.

Yes, Leuctra's grassy graves will yield  
Fame in the after day,  
Which many a well contested field  
Will never let decay ;  
An obelisk, my Thebes, thine own,  
More proud than Egypt's ones of stone,  
Will breathe our names for aye !  
Those heaps where freedom's fetters rust  
With Sparta's glory in the dust.

These will be ours, and with a speech  
That never can be hid,  
Another sacred band they'll teach  
To do, as we then did !  
They'll make the drooping captive brave ;  
And from our low unhonour'd grave,  
And from our coffin lid,  
Thebes yet shall list a holier strain  
Than ever fired the poet's brain.

Farewell ! my faithful band, rejoice  
That Sparta's tribes have fled !  
Shout, shout ! ye warriors, till your voice  
Through heaven's blue concave spread !  
He ceased,—his friends around him flew ;  
He smiled,—they shouted, while he drew  
The broken javelin's head,  
And waving high the blade, he cried  
Thank God ! my Thebes is free !—and died.



## THE ESQUIMAUX.

BORN in that clime, where nature lives by fits,  
And winter, with his leafless sceptre, sits  
Throned in his palace of eternal frost,  
Stretching his fetters o'er the sullen coast ;  
His breath, the hurricane that nature sears,  
His robes, the snowdrift of ten thousand years.

Reared 'mid the wreck of worlds, but worlds of ice,  
Whose vales ne'er echo'd to the human voice !  
He only saw the features of the earth,  
As time beheld them at creation's birth,  
A mass of sparry mountains, waste and wild,  
Where chaos wandered, ruin's stormy child.  
His passions were as frigid as his zone,  
He only felt that he was not of stone,  
When scaling not the glacier's beetling edge,  
Or wrapped in furs, whirl'd on his dog-drawn sledge,  
He sat like marble, all the short-lived day  
In his wild hut, and dozed the hours away.  
Rudest of arts to shield the human form,  
Baked by the hand of winter in the storm ;  
His food was snatched, by mouthfuls, from the deep,  
When laughing summer called its waves from sleep !

His temple was the frozen desert's frown,  
A thousand starlights looking brightly down,  
And shedding their pure glory on the frost  
That bound in adamant the awful coast ;  
His music the strong tempest on the sea,  
Ringing through winter's hoar infinity ;  
His God—that voice of majesty and dread  
That calls up nature from her frozen bed,  
Who bids the breeze through the chain'd billows blow,  
And sends the dancing sunbeam o'er the snow.

Yet he had love—when from the blue of space  
The broad moon glitter'd on the iceberg's face,  
His Runa was his pole-star of delight,  
With eye as dark and beautiful as night,  
But night in their own clime, when from their sleep  
A million worlds laugh down upon the deep.

No song was his, that brought the charm sublime  
Of the far floating sunny deeds of time ;  
Around his heart no lay by memory fed,  
With all the magic glories of the dead ;  
For him no ancestors had toiled and died,  
Struggling for freedom with a patriot's pride !  
But in oblivion's misty twilight, each  
Had sank forgotten on the starless beach ;  
No flowers adorned their tomb,—no grassy green  
'Mid the eternal, dazzling white were seen !

Their graves were dug, one petrifying hour  
Concealed the spot where dust reclaimed its dower.  
All he acquired on earth was death and years,  
And died a thing of misery and tears ;  
With nothing but his wrinkled brow to show  
He was a child, some threescore years ago ;  
And after struggling bravely with the storm,  
Had borne of mankind nothing but the form,  
And vanished darkly from life's pilgrimage,  
A blank,—a child in every thing but age ;  
A thing, whose only claims above the brute,  
Were hopes, and fears, and tears, which soon grew mute ;  
And a vague fancy glimmering through the dark,  
That shaped a milder ocean for his bark,  
A fair, a greener spot, when life was done  
To build a hut beneath a milder sun,  
There to enjoy for ever, in a nest  
Of kindly furs, one summer year of rest.

## THE SIMOOM.

WHERE the sun looks down from his burning throne,  
    With withering glare ;  
Where the lips of spring have never blown  
One cloud through the deep and yawning cone  
    Of the blistering air ;  
Where nature is doomed in a fever to pant,  
    Where rain or snow,  
And the wild wandering breezes that love to flaunt,  
Ne'er come in their laughing journey to plant  
    One bud on her shrivell'd brow.

'Thou reignest alone, and the Arab band,  
    Like snow on the sea,  
Sinks—when thy wild wing from the reeling land  
Flings a million columns of burning sand  
    Through infinity.

The vulture returning from some far shore,  
    Where death reign'd high,  
Though swift be his flight, as he wings thee o'er,  
Smote through by thy breathing, that child of gore  
    Reels down from the sky ;  
The very serpents, thy children dread,  
    While crawling nigh,

Thy pestilence snuff, and with rearing head  
Plunge through the white skeletons round them spread,  
Then gasp and die.

Around thee the wings of the jocund hours  
Shrink in at thy breath ;  
Life sleeps 'neath thy tread, and thy darkness lowers  
In this glittering world of stars and flowers,  
Like the shadow of death.

The sun vainly looks from his throne sublime,  
On a pest like thee ;  
The moon may rise, and the starlights climb  
O'er the silver clouds, but they are in prime,  
And blooming free !  
Thou laughest at them, they are not thy kin,  
They belong to life ;  
Ruin and death, with skeleton grin,  
Are thy only kindred, and brotherhood, in  
This world of strife.

## THE MOORISH KING LEAVING GRENADA.

'Tis eve ;—on the Alhambra's walls  
The setting sun in beauty smiles ;  
'Tis night ;—the moon's pale shadow falls  
Round dark Grenada's mighty piles !  
The stars are in their halls, and they  
Beam o'er Abdallah's parting sway.

Though slumber seems around to reign,  
'Tis like those treacherous calms that sleep  
Before the fiery hurricane  
Sprints on the giant deep,  
With cloudy wing and lightning stroke,  
Crushing its waters into smoke.

Far from their walls, the Moor can see  
The Spaniards in the vale below,  
While on their sacred Santafee  
The long white banners flow ;  
And christian drum and christian prayer,  
Come rolling on the midnight air.

Oh! 'tis a bitter task to quit,  
Even in the visions of the brain,  
Those glorious dreams which long have lit  
Life's pilgrimage of pain!  
Abdallah smote his kingly brow,  
The christian's cross had triumph'd now.

And by his side his brother stood,  
In that dark stormy hour of woe,  
And many a turban'd chief, whose blood  
Had mingled with the foe;  
They eyed each palace as they pass'd,  
With look betokening their last.

And as they gazed, the thought came back  
Of many a bright and splendid day,  
When gallantly on glory's track  
They smote Spain's proud array!  
When blazed the crescent's moon afar,  
Above the blood-red storm of war.

They thought upon that early time,  
When in Cordova's golden tower,  
Their daughters, in their sway sublime,  
Had empires for their dower!  
Those visions round his spirit crept,  
A king no more—Abdallah wept!

The mother gazed upon her son,  
And with an eye of scorn she spoke,—  
“ Yes, tears may well become the one  
Who, baby-like, his sword has broke ;  
'Tis well such drops at last can flow,  
Instead of blood, to soothe the foe.

The God of Afric scorns to save,  
Or own so mean, so vile a son ;  
Ay,—he may weep who feared to brave  
His foemen as his sires have done !  
The christians' flag is on these towers,—  
Away !—away !—they're none of ours.

Thou child of fear, away and weep !  
Dare not our history's page to scan ;  
Go—break that heart, which could not keep  
His father's empire, like a man ;  
Had glory's trump but charm'd thine ear,  
The crescent yet had sparkled here.

Depart !—when in some cottage vile,  
Think then on the Alhambra's walls,  
If thoughts of that almighty pile  
One blush of pride or shame recalls !  
Curse not the stars in yon blue deep,  
Curse thy own woman's soul—and weep.”



## MAHOMET FLYING TO MEDINA.

BEFORE him, stretching free and far,  
The wilderness he view'd,  
While night, with many a laughing star,  
Look'd on the solitude.  
His native bowers in beauty beamed  
Amid the slumbering air,  
And Mecca in the moonshine gleam'd,  
But chains and death were there.

Hid in the darksome cave of Thor,  
The holy outcast lay,  
A spider wove her garment o'er,  
And screen'd him from the day ;  
That frail and transient tissue saved  
The one whose sceptre hurl'd  
Thrones to the earth, and creeds engraved  
Upon the bleeding world.

There lay the chief in stern despair,  
His haughty forehead pale,  
How different was his mournful air  
As when, in Beder's vale,  
He met his foemen hand to hand?  
When with the just he drew  
The blade of God, and soak'd the sand  
With the blood of those he slew.

And he beheld through that thin veil  
Which hid him from the sky,  
The silver moon in glory sail,  
He saw his foes ride by;  
He heard their curses loudly hiss  
Along the burning breeze,  
As plunging through the wilderness  
They scour'd its arid seas.

He heard them, but these omens pass'd  
Along the sandy wave,  
He breath'd a prayer to God, and fast  
Fled from his darksome cave!  
His steed is champing to the bit,  
Revenge brooks no delay,  
Night has her thousand torches lit,  
He spurs,—away!—away!

Beside him the Hyena walks,  
Like brother join'd in faith,  
The lion lone and lordly stalks  
Across his cheerless path ;  
Answering them yell for yell through night,  
Like demon of despair,  
The vulture winnows in her flight  
The solitary air.

And oft the gray wolf's hollow bark  
Comes curdling from the rock,  
And creaking through the fearful dark,  
The raven's fatal croak ;  
Their cries, that echo'd long and loud,  
Bespoke an awful change,  
But o'er him, riding on her cloud,  
The eagle shriek'd revenge !

Their howls shall long remembered be,  
They are the welcome now  
To sterner kin,—dark prowlers ye  
Shall profit by his vow ;  
For e'er a few brief moons roll by,  
Ten thousand slain shall feed  
Your screaming brood, and ye shall eye  
Twice twenty thousand bleed.

He fled ;—unlike, in that lone hour,  
The holy conqueror who appear'd  
Begirt with more than monarch's power,  
Who o'er earth's thrones his altar reared ;  
When round him shouting nations ranged  
Their chosen, with their flags unfurl'd.  
An Arab's lance could now have changed  
The history of a world.

## STANZAS

TO MISS AGNES FERRIER, A CHILD OF VERY  
PROMISING PARTS.

YOUNG floweret! in this world of woe,  
Star-like, thou'rt shining through its gloom ;  
Oh ! may no tempest ever blow  
Across thy early bloom ;  
May summer with its gentle wings  
Dry up in joy each transient tear,  
Until thy ripen'd glory springs  
In bliss beyond our sphere.

If grief amid thy visions bland,  
Her venom'd barb should ever thrust,  
May happiness with angel hand  
Crush every thorn to dust !  
May she dispel the envious crowd  
Of ills that round our pathway lie,  
And wave away each stormy cloud  
From thy transparent sky.

Yes, thou art young and gentle now,  
Life's thousand cares are all asleep,  
Youth sits upon thy laughing brow,  
Thou hast not learn'd to weep ;  
May fortune never fix thy glance  
Upon this weary vale of woes,  
But life go down one splendid trance  
Of glory till its close.

And when age comes, may virtue shine,  
And hope her radiance round thee shed ;  
Oh ! may'st thou be a sheltering vine  
Above thy father's head !  
To shield him from each storm that lowers,  
To kindle up life's dreams of gloom,  
Strewing with sweet unblemished flowers  
His passage to the tomb.

Alas ! the one who gave thee birth  
Has pass'd in hope's fair morn away ;  
Young opening rosebud,—this cold earth  
Holds but thy mother's clay !  
Oft has she bless'd and fondly press'd  
With thrilling heart thy cloudless brow,  
Till heaven received its beauteous guest,  
Where she is living now.

She trusted that thy future years,  
By her directed, would have pass'd  
In sunshine through this vale of tears,  
Safe from misfortune's blast !  
Thy smiles her anxious bosom warm'd,  
Thy infant sorrows raised her tear ;  
'Tis past—each wish that pain'd or charm'd,  
Lies frozen on the bier.

Anon—and thou in joy shalt meet  
Her spotless spirit in the sky,  
And there renew those kisses sweet  
She gave in days gone by !  
Yes, when life's jarring storms are hush'd,  
When death obeys the Eternal's nod ;  
When stars are quench'd and systems crush'd,  
Thou'lt meet her with thy God !

## THE TWO SKELETONS,

A SCENE OF THE AFRICAN DESERT.

Denham tells us that in crossing the desert from Tripoli to Bornou, they met frequently a hundred skeletons during a day's march, the remains of the unfortunate inhabitants of the interior, whom the Arabs had been driving to the slave-market of Tripoli, and who had perished through fatigue.

Two lovers,—and I saw their bones  
Lie whit'ning side by side ;  
Forsaken and devoted ones,  
They lay as they had died !  
Their arms across each others' breast,  
Their bloodless lips in silence press'd,  
As they had often sighed  
Their souls into each other, when  
They lov'd and walk'd 'mid freeborn men.

The spoiler came,—the warriors rose,  
And for their father's land  
The arrows of a thousand bows  
Sung to each manly hand ;  
But, ah ! in vain they nobly braved,—  
The robber triumph'd,—and enslaved  
They cross'd that world of sand,



Till faint and weary, one by one,  
They dropp'd beneath the burning sun.

The chieftain and his bride at last  
Were left alone to die,  
While far away the burning blast  
Was gathering in the sky ;  
They saw the sandy pillars curl  
Along the air with dreadful whirl ;  
The warrior bent his eye,  
First on his young expiring maid,  
Then to the blast, and inly prayed.

It came magnificently grand,  
On high the demon hiss'd ;  
The dead, the dying, sky and sand  
In one destroying mist  
Are borne along the arid plain,  
The strangled lion pants in vain,  
And that young pair have kissed  
Each other, and beneath the cloud  
Of fire and death, in silence bow'd.

Oh ! 'twas not thus in happier hours,  
When in their kindred's clime,  
'Mid Afric's ever-blooming bowers,  
They spent life's morning time,

Where love and joy with rosy mouth  
Breathes over the delightful south ;  
    They proved at least the prime  
Of hopes that were too early crush'd,  
Of joys and songs in darkness hush'd.

They rest together, and their shroud  
    Ne'er feels a human foot,  
Silence, from out her fiery cloud,  
    Looks down and says—be mute !  
No city murmurs echo near,  
No sigh, no whisper, and no tear,  
    No sound of lay or lute,  
But death and slumber's wings are spread  
Above a world where all is dead.

## THE DOUGLAS IN SPAIN.

UPON a far and stranger clime  
His battle cry arose,  
A Douglas still—he stood sublime  
Amidst ten thousand foes !  
His cuirass girt, his plumage high,  
His haughty forehead bare,  
The tempest rushing through the sky  
Blew back his coal-black hair.

He grasp'd his father's dreadful brand,  
Which oft for Scotland waved,  
The Bruce's heart was in his hand,  
And could he be enslaved  
With such a token by his side ?  
Ah no ! his eyeballs turn  
To the far times of Scotia's pride—  
The morn of Bannockburn !

His soul beat high, he mark'd the foe  
In seared phalanx stand,  
Their turbans line o'er line, like snow  
Spread o'er the sullen strand,

Their dark eyes flashing vengeance forth ;  
But could that sight appall ?  
The lordly lion of the North  
Stood, and defied them all !

His falchion from its sheath was wrench'd,  
And glitter'd to the sky,  
His teeth were set, his swart hands clench'd,  
While death gloom'd in his eye ;  
No cloud of woe, no tint of fear  
Darken'd his temples pale,  
The tartan plaid to Scotland dear  
Stream'd o'er his shining mail.

His long locks wandering from his helm,  
Fell on the mountain air,  
The shield that saved an injured realm,  
Beamed in its loneliness there ;  
The voice, at whose tremendous tone  
A thousand foemen fled,  
Now echo'd o'er the field alone,  
And chill'd their souls with dread.

Oh ! 'twas not thus in his young day,  
To fight and fall alone,  
When o'er the whirlwind of the fray  
His blood-red banner shone ;

When 'mid the fair-hair'd sons of home  
He strode amid the dead,  
And Saxon ranks, like sea-lash'd foam,  
Lay broken round his tread.

The Bruce's heart, with warrior glee,  
Amid the foe he flung,  
"Go on," he cried, "I'll follow thee!"  
Then through their ranks he sprung,  
"Lead but as thou hast led of yore,  
I'll battle by thy side!"  
He charged—a stream of Moslem gore  
Mark'd where the Douglas died.

## STANZAS

ON SEEING HALEY'S COMET FROM THE FIELD OF  
CROSSBURN, 10th OCTOBER, 1835.

DREAD wanderer of the fields of space,  
Again thou lookest from thy cloud  
In glory on the human race ;  
Ah ! with that fragile crowd  
Sorrow and change have dealt since last  
Thy fiery chariot o'er them pass'd.

What art thou, lone mysterious star ?  
Oh ! wert thou fated in thy might  
Some glorious orb like ours to mar,  
Hurling its soul to night,  
Ploughing above its flowery face,  
Scattering its atoms over space.

Bright and eternal traveller ! where  
Has been thy lonely pilgrimage  
Through the untrodden fields of air,  
Since the almighty page  
Of space reveal'd thee to the eye  
Of suffering humanity ?

What splendid worlds hast thou traversed ?

What suns and rolling systems viewed,  
Whose beams of light have never pierced  
Our planet's solitude ?

What stars, and signs, and deathless things  
Have met thee on thy wanderings ?

Perchance and thou hast seen the rise

Of infant worlds, or mark'd their doom,  
Thunder'd along the blazing skies,  
Till through night's awful womb  
The ashes of each erring star  
Were scatter'd o'er the waste afar.

Monarch of space ! since thou wert last

With us, a thousand changes dread,  
Storm-like athwart our world have pass'd,  
And left its blossoms dead ;  
Sorrow and sin, and fear and death,  
Have darkened and beset our path.

The locks which then were dark and long

Have ceased beneath the sun to wave,  
The smiling forms once tall and strong  
Are sleeping in the grave !  
The hearts which beat in mirth are still,  
The forehead pale, the bosom chill.

The shapes which mingled in the dance  
Are now no longer fair and light,  
The eyes which conquered with each glance  
Are spiritless as night!  
No longer springs the sprightly foot,  
The lips are seal'd, the music mute.

There breathes not one who saw thee then ;  
From thy mysterious throne on high  
Thou see'st another race of men,  
They too, alas ! must die ;  
And when thou comest again, thy breath  
Will only pass o'er dust and death.

Yes, all who gaze upon thee now  
Shall then have wandered to the past ;  
Darkness and silence on each brow,  
A covering that shall last  
Until Jehovah's trump has shaken  
Creation, and the dead awaken.



## SONNETS.

### SONNET I.

YE clouds and cataracts that plunge through heaven !  
Ye deep majestic ocean-floods that roll !  
Ye wild and wandering tempests which are driven,  
Houseless and homeless, on from pole to pole !  
Ye glorious impulses which form the soul  
Of nature on her throne among the hills,  
Or sporting o'er the wild and pathless blue  
Of the far desert, where the rock distills  
The infant river in the avenue  
Of crags and woods. Oh ! who can mark the fall,  
The cataract's splendour, as it shoots along  
A sun-glance o'er its everlasting wall !  
Or list the tempest at its awful song,  
And feel not that our God has made them all !

## SONNET II.

LET the day perish, when ambition said,

First in his phrenzied dreams, the earth is mine !

Let the day perish, when destruction bade

His gory flag from vale to mountain shine ;

When freedom's fane, 'neath war's volcanic mine,

Fell to the dust, the prey of tyranny.

God of the living ! earth, and earth's are thine !

Stretch forth thy mighty arm, and if there be

One portion left of freedom's fire divine,

Oh ! keep the flame in holy purity !

As incense worthy thy all-hallowed shrine,

Breathe o'er mankind the blessed words—be free !

Strike from the hand of tyranny the rod,

Trample the pests of truth, and claim thy kingdom—God !

### SONNET III.

I saw a flower bloom on a lowly grave,  
Child of the summer ! 'mid corruption bright,  
Like emblem of His love whose arm can save  
And snatch the spirit from eternal night !  
Calmly that floweret seem'd to smile and wave  
Its virgin beauties in the pale moonlight,  
Pure was its silvery bosom, though the sod  
Dark with mortality around it lay ;  
Image of hope, it seem'd to tell the day  
When man shall blossom and behold his God !  
When the soul, rising lovely o'er decay,  
Shakes from her pinions desolation's rust,  
Flinging her robe of ashes far away,  
Shall bloom when time is treading worlds to dust.

#### SONNET IV.

Oh ! there be men within this spacious world  
Who climb up fortune's ladder, all the while  
Their passions and their frailties darkly furl'd,  
And on their sleek lips one perpetual smile !  
Who fawn and flatter, though they inly curse  
The dupes they kneel to, and with serpent guile  
Poison the finest feelings at their source !  
Men whose whole characters are but a lie !  
Sure, fortune, like her sister justice, must  
Around her misty eyes a bandage tie,  
When thus she deigns to smile upon such dust,  
And from the glittering glory of her ark  
Takes the cold hand of foul hypocrisy  
And lifts the grovelling crawlers from the dark.

## SONNET V.

THERE is a Sabbath glory round the hills,  
A beauteous mingling of the earth and sky,  
Space seems a vast cathedral, and the rills  
The organs hymning forth to the Most High,  
Songs whose wild melody can never die !  
Creation teems with harmony that thrills  
From bank to brae, from glen to mighty steep ;  
There is a music in the very sigh  
Of the warm winds that journey o'er the deep,  
Which ope their summer lips while passing by,  
As if they longed to winnow up the sleep,  
That seems fast falling on the laughing eye  
Of nature, as she wears away the noon  
Of a rich, living, lustrous day in June.

## SONNET VI.

THE world,—what is it? every being striving  
To swim above his neighbour in life's wave;  
And the unfortunate whom none can save,  
Are down the treacherous precipices diving,  
Until they find a haven in the grave!

While the besotted and the base are thriving,  
And plenty smiles upon the fawning slave,  
Who, spaniel-like, can kiss his master's heel,  
And batten 'mid the ruin of the brave,

And with their base-born souls can stoop and kneel,  
And flatter for the favour of a knave!

Such are the imps of fortune, she can deal  
Her smiles like treachery,—my soul, be thou  
Above her lures for aye, as thou art now.

## SONNET VII.

### THE MORNING STAR.

MAJESTIC star ! thou lookest on earth's crowds,  
Bright as when first thy radiant car was launch'd  
Athwart the mighty universe of clouds ;  
Systems have died, but thou, oh beam unquench'd !  
Shinest on our withered orb, and thou hast mark'd  
Full many a throne from its foundation wrench'd,  
And many a giant soul who had embark'd  
With glory on time's ocean, steer apace,  
Until his galley founder'd in the dark,  
And he, the great destroyer of his race,  
Crawl'd like the worm into its hiding place.  
Though age has struck from nature's eye the spark,  
Though ruin chokes creation, thou art still  
Bright as when thou didst smile upon the ark,  
When faith's young altar crown'd the lonely hill,  
And her first anthem bade Jehovah hark.

SONNET VIII.

NATURE, my soul is pining for thy spring,  
Thy breezy mornings, and thy sky of blue,  
With all thy little songsters on the wing,  
Shaking in joy their glad notes through and through  
The sparkling atmosphere. I long to view  
Those showery sunshines, when the radiant crowds  
Of beams are woven to one splendid arch,  
Spanning the earth, through which the gather'd clouds  
Solemn and vast hold their majestic march.  
Oh for those living moments ! when the sun  
Dips down in glory to the glowing sea,  
When the far hills are startling one by one,  
Like dreamy spots struck out by witchery,  
The only shadows in a world of glee.

THE END.

---

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY GEORGE BROOKMAN.





